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NOTES.

LAST week we gave a brief account of the politicians who had notably increased or diminished their Parliamentary reputations during the Session that has just come to an end. On the following day the "Times" dealt with the same subject at the end of its review of the Session, and several correspondents have drawn our attention to the discrepancies between the two statements. The disagreement appears to be greater than it is. For instance, the "Times" seizes this opportunity to do justice to Mr. Gully; it acknowledges now that "he has achieved for himself a high position amongst the many able and accomplished men who have occupied the chair. He is clear, prompt, and firm in deciding the questions that come before him, of an imperturbable temper, and equally endowed with suavity and good sense." In fact, his "only fault" is "a tendency to expatiate somewhat too much." With all this we agree, but as we wrote about Mr. Gully in this strain months ago, we thought it superfluous to repeat our congratulations at the end of the Session.

Certain appreciations of the "Times," on the other hand, seem to us widely mistaken. We are told, for instance, that "the Chancellor of the Exchequer has, perhaps, distinguished himself more than the rest of his colleagues, not only by his effective debating power, but by the lucidity and the decision of his views." This constitutes a curious change of attitude on the part of the "Times." When Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was Secretary for Ireland the "Times" attacked him in the interest of landlords like Lord Clanricarde, and now it praises him beyond the most extravagant estimate of his deserts. Does the "Times" really think Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has "distinguished himself more than" Mr. Chamberlain, for example? We think that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has distinguished himself in another sense. Among the mistakes made by the Government in its conduct of business during the Session, the most serious, because the most stupid and uncalled for, was the charge imposed on the Indian taxpayer for the ordinary expenses of the Indian troops sent to Suakin. And this mistake must be attributed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When Lord George Hamilton was left to himself, he refused to charge India with any portion of the cost of the two native regiments borrowed to serve at Mombasa; but in regard to the Indian troops sent to Suakin he was overruled by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Sir Michael had declared in his Budget speech that Great Britain would have nothing to pay beyond certain small extras, and it is manifest that this declaration bound Lord George Hamilton to a grotesque inconsistency. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is responsible for having reduced the normal majority of the Government by nearly one-

half in a "full-dress" debate. And he was able to do nothing that could atone for this error of mere stubbornness.

We are constrained to believe that the "Times" over-praises him because he is the Chancellor of the Exchequer and chief among the powers that be; or on private grounds with which we have nothing to do. Let us consider the eulogies of the "Times" more closely. "Among the subordinate Ministers" it singles out Mr. George Curzon for "a word of praise for his readiness and resource," and dismisses Mr. Walter Long, though he had charge of one of the most important measures of the Session, as having "acquitted himself better than" Mr. Chaplin. Now the truth is that Mr. Long surpassed expectation, while Mr. Curzon fell beneath it, and even at the beginning of the Session observers did not hope much from Mr. Curzon. Evidently Mr. Buckle likes Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Curzon and does not weigh impartially either their abilities or their success. And just as evidently Mr. Buckle does not like Sir John Gorst, though forced to admit that his "speech on the introduction of the Education Bill was, in its way, a masterpiece of exposition, though it was not followed up." The last clause is ambiguous, but the phrase "in its way" is characteristic of Mr. Buckle. Every one except the editor of the "Times" knows that Sir John Gorst is incomparably abler than Mr. Curzon, though, perhaps, not so powerful socially.

The "Westminster Gazette," in a rather good review of the reputations made or lost during the Session, says that Mr. James Lowther, "who was tolerated in the last Parliament as a survival, is now half accepted as a prophet." There is some truth in this epigram, though the improvement in Mr. Lowther's position is not so much due to his own exertions as to the march of events. Public opinion, not only amongst the farmers but amongst the artisans, is swinging round to Protection, and books like "Made in Germany" are producing a widespread impression. "Jim" Lowther is a leader *malgré lui*, for no man ever did less to form a party. But this inactivity may be either policy or indolence; probably it is a mixture of both. We know that Mr. Lowther thinks the Protectionist party both in the House of Commons and the country ought to form itself, and that the impulse should come from below and not from above.

"Jim" Lowther has a resemblance to Lord George Bentinck in more points than his political creed. Like Lord George, he is an aristocrat and a sportsman, and, like Disraeli's leader, intellectual exertion is distasteful to him. But when Bentinck did bring himself to work, he worked like a cart-horse. In his incomparable

political biography Lord Beaconsfield tells us how Bentinck used to toil for thirteen hours at a stretch without tasting food. All Disraeli's persuasion failed to induce him to leave the House for dinner; for if he dined he became sleepy. Probably Lord George was in the habit of "doing himself well" on most days of the year, and, like Dr. Johnson, could fast but could not eat moderately. What Mr. James Lowther wants is a lieutenant like Mr. Disraeli.

Talleyrand's saying about the use of language may well have been drawn from an Oriental source; for if it is unsafe to believe implicitly in the spoken word in Europe, it is still less safe in the East. Besides, a visitor like Li Hung-chang, for whose entertainment much is done, is bound to express gratification. A more reliable test may be the temper in which he is found after the experience; and Li's impressions of England, judged by this standard, are assumed to have been pleasant. Rumour has it that he has been amiable to all around him since he landed, whereas that was by no means the rule on the Continent. It may be that the element of personal cordiality which Sir Cecil Smith invoked at the China Association dinner, and a less degree of officialism in the atmosphere, have contributed to the result. It appears, at any rate, to be believed that he is pleased and interested in what he has seen.

Li sometimes assumes a more than royal prerogative in putting awkward questions. Perhaps there is nothing the average man resents so much as being interrogated as to his income. It is true that Li only asks people as to their official salaries, and generally eases the situation by offering them a larger stipend in China. By the way, to seduce a servant from his master's employment is in this country an indictable offence, and if Li Hung-chang is going to carry off a traffic manager here and an arsenal superintendent there, his visit will be of more benefit to China than to England. But we are disappointed in Li's interview with Mr. Gladstone. They had a common tie, for both the veteran statesmen had used the services of a certain soldier named Gordon. The "barbarian," as Lord Palmerston used to call the Chinaman, loaded the soldier with honours and rewards in his lifetime, and after death placed a wreath upon his statue. The Englishman abandoned him to the spears of his enemies, and went to the theatre the night that the news of his murder reached London. If Li Hung-chang had asked Mr. Gladstone why he treated Gordon so, and how the people of this country almost immediately afterwards returned him again to power, the dialogue would have been more interesting than the conventional chat about Lord Salisbury.

During his passage through Canada Li will be the guest of the Dominion Government. He does not purpose to stay long in the United States; perhaps because of the pronounced sympathy shown there lately for Japan. He intends, we hear, to cross the frontier after visiting certain of the principal American cities, and to continue his journey by the Canadian Pacific. It is a pity, in some respects, that he did not travel across India on his way West. A review at Peshawur might have conveyed an impression analogous to that which he derived at Spithead. He will, however, have gained a fair idea of the British Empire by the time he reaches home. It must not be forgotten, in estimating the possible consequences of his trip, that Li is neither an autocrat nor a dictator. Many things would have gone much faster in China, already, if he could have had his way. What may be relied on is, that the experience he has acquired will induce him to throw his personal influence, with added energy, into the scale of progress. Another element of uncertainty is his health. It would be a mistake to draw too strong an inference from his habit of being perpetually wheeled and carried. Some of that is affectation. It is a presumption of etiquette, in China, that very great men require support; and no one of consequence will walk if he can be carried. Still, Li is seventy-four!

Before the coming week is out all the Nile steamers

should be through the Cataracts and ready for a smooth-water advance to Dongola. Once that is accomplished a few days ought to end the campaign so far as at present sanctioned by the Home Government, for the Khalifeh has no fortifications that can resist nor any engines of war that can have the slightest effect upon these river gunboats, with their Maxims and quick-firing guns. The dervishes may escape to the desert, but nowhere can they make a stand on the river banks; and, with the assistance of the fleet of two hundred sailing boats, General Kitchener can transport his little army to any spot from which he wishes to strike. We have criticized the clumsy attempts at secrecy and mystification which marked the beginning of the campaign; but now that it has been undertaken, and so much money spent, we hope that it will not be recalled with half its work done. With these gunboats at work there should not be any real difficulty in mastering and holding the whole Nile valley up to Khartoum, or even to Lado and Wadelai, if we thought fit. That would put an effectual stopper on the curse of Mahdism.

From Wadelai to Uganda is but a step, and, as we have voted three millions for the Uganda railway, it is interesting to hear of the progress of that protectorate. This is reported to be "simply marvellous." Coffee, tobacco, and tropical fruits are being grown, and roads made, so that by the time the railway arrives, two or three years hence, there will be some produce for it to take to the coast. The great lake will, in fact, be the natural centre for the trade of a good part of the Upper Nile basin, and for this reason it is advisable to take advantage of the opportunity of the Nile campaign and to push on beyond Khartoum from the north, and towards Lado from the south, so as to finally recover the ground lost to civilization since 1884. But is it necessary for the Government to persevere in the unsatisfactory process of making the Uganda railway from one end only? The rails of course will have to be laid from Mombasa, but if the surveys were completed, the work of cutting and embanking could be pushed on from the lake station, where labour is plentiful and cheap.

The American Presidential campaign has still ten weeks to run, and as yet there is no such thing as certainty about its outcome. It is true that both Reuter and the principal New York correspondents tell us continually that Mr. McKinley is sweeping all before him, and that everything the luckless Mr. Bryan says or does only makes his losing cause more desperate; but it is necessary to subject all this to a heavy discount. For the purposes of this struggle New York City has converted itself into one huge headquarters for the whole Gold-propaganda, and nothing candid or impartial is to be looked for in the news it sends out. The truth seems to be that Mr. Bryan's attempt to carry the war into the enemy's camp has not succeeded, but that there still remains a reasonable chance of his being able to achieve a general victory without counting on the East at all. His original plan was too ambitious; but because he finds himself forced to abandon that portion of it which was ornamental rather than essential, it does not follow that he is to be beaten on his own ground.

The probabilities seem to be slightly in favour of Mr. McKinley's election, for the simple reason that in a contest of this sort time is on the side of the banking and business classes. They may be said to fight with artillery, whereas the Silver crowd is at the best armed with fowling-pieces, and in the long run ordnance tells. The real question is whether 3 November is far enough off to give the superior weight and discipline of the Gold forces their full effect. The struggle abounds in extraordinary features, personal and otherwise, which tend further to confuse judgment. Mr. McKinley, for example, though he is known solely as a political orator, has decided to make no speeches during the campaign. Mr. Bryan's declamatory powers seem to have frightened him, and his Gold supporters generally, for, at the great Gold meeting in New York this week, the champion put forward in the name of the whole commercial and financial East was a young Irish-

American politician who has never before been accepted as a representative of anything that New York is proud of, but who is given the chief place now simply because it is hoped that he can outshout the "Boy Orator." The spectacle of a great nation finding its peace and international credit jeopardized by the lung-capacity of a Mr. Bryan is curious enough. That it should turn for succour to Mr. Bourke Cockran is almost startling in its suggestiveness.

It has been an open secret for some years that the Crown Prince of Italy, now in his twenty-seventh year, was regarded as too frail and delicate to form a link in the chain of heredity upon which the Savoy dynasty depends. The decision that he was to remain unmarried, and that after him the succession was to devolve on his cousin, the Duc d'Aosta, was supposed to be irrevocable; but it has been brushed aside, and the young man is to become the husband of the beautiful Montenegrin, Princess Helene. It is only natural to suspect political motives in such an abrupt alteration of dynastic plans, and there are numerous collateral reasons for conjecturing that it forms a part of a general scheme for detaching Italy from the Triple Alliance. The sentimental bond between Russia and Montenegro would, perhaps, account for the Tsar's promise to attend the wedding at Rome; but it is also noted that Russian diplomats have undertaken to arrange terms for Italy with Menelek, and that Italian sympathizers with Crete are coupling Russia with England and Greece in their resolutions and hopes.

Englishmen will find something reassuring in these signs that Italy is fairly started on the way to an understanding with the Franco-Russian combination, if only because it is unlikely that the Italians are acting without the advice, or at least the assent, of Lord Salisbury. If there is to be such a rearrangement of Powers, Great Britain ought to be, if not wholly in it, at least on friendly terms with it. We have often set forth the difficulties in the way of a working partnership between Russia and England, and in spite of the amiable attitude of the new Tsar, many of them still exist. But with France and Italy to lighten the lump, there would be a good deal more of the spirit of Western Europe in such a combination than in anything controlled by the Germans. The influence of Berlin, for the past two or three years, has been the most reactionary in Europe. It sustained the Sultan throughout the terrible Armenian episode, and it has thus far been the chief obstacle in the way of those who would help the revolted Cretans. Anything which tends at this juncture to weaken Germany's authority in the "European Concert" is to be welcomed as a gain to the cause of civilization.

Ireland, as regards her system of national education, had a start of forty years over England, and, so far as the merely literary part of education is concerned, she still, in rural districts, keeps the lead. But the Education Board, composed as it is almost exclusively of clergymen and judges chosen for political or religious reasons, and not for experience, has hitherto been lamentably deficient in zeal for manual training. Its members seem, however, to be waking up at last, and on Monday Archbishop Walsh headed a deputation to Lord Cadogan to ask for Government assistance in making a thorough inquiry into the various systems in operation at home and abroad, with a view to the adoption by the Board of that most suitable to the agricultural and industrial situation of Ireland. It has long been a complaint that pupils in the Irish National schools are crammed with whole libraries of information about foreign lands, and with elegant extracts, learned by rote, from English literature; but that even the best of them are left utterly ignorant of the meaning and uses of the common objects around them. The result is that they leave school untrained in the proper use of their hands and eyes. This is all wrong. The general reading will come in time if there is a taste for it; but if the opportunity of teaching manual dexterity is lost it is generally lost for ever. Lord Cadogan cordially promised financial and other help, and expressed the hope that the deputation "marked the

opening of a new movement" in educational efficiency. The more of such "movements" there are the better for Ireland.

Dr. Duggan, who died this week in Dublin, was the last but one or two of the old "patriot" bishops of Ireland, the men who stood out manfully for the independence of their sees as against the Italianizing policy of Cardinal Cullen. They were generally fierce and outspoken Nationalists, while Cullen, from the first day on which, fresh from Rome, he was thrust on the Irish Catholics was an intriguer, a courtier, and, worst reproach of all, a "West Briton." For Cardinal Cullen opposition to constituted authority meant that a man was no better than a French Atheist, whereas men like Duggan and MacHale, although born rebels, were intense Catholics. "If you were to bray an Irishman in a mortar," said Duggan once to O'Neill Daunt, "two principles would be found indestructible—love of Catholicity and hatred of England." Not a very wise man, perhaps, but a transparently honest one, who chose what he believed to be the right side and stuck to it through good report and evil report. Although a Land Leaguer, his pet aversion of late years was the English Radical politician, male or female, who went over to Ireland to advertise himself or herself by "defying Balfour" and posing as the friend of Ireland.

It is as certain as anything can be that before very long, probably before the beginning of next law sittings, there must be important changes on the judicial bench. Lord Esher and Sir Henry Hawkins differ from Mr. Gladstone in this, that whereas the late Premier talked about retiring for ten years before he withdrew, these two old judges stoutly declare their intention of dying on the Bench. But the voice of Nature has a way of making itself heard even by the most deaf, and there must be a vacancy in the Mastership of the Rolls at no distant date. It is a splendid position, for the President of the Court of Appeal, besides receiving £6,000 a year, practically makes the common law of England. The post will, of course, be offered, in the first instance, to the Attorney-General, to whom it belongs as of right; and if he accepts it, Sir Edward Clarke will be made Attorney-General over Sir Robert Finlay's head, by an arrangement already made and loyally acquiesced in by the Solicitor-General.

But Sir Richard Webster makes no secret of his intention to wait for the reversion of the Woolsack. What, therefore, is to be done? It is impossible for Sir Edward Clarke to remain in his present position of exclusion; and yet it would be almost equally impossible to make him Master of the Rolls, as he is not a sufficiently learned lawyer. We doubt, indeed, whether Sir Edward Clarke would accept the Rolls; he knows his own limitations too well. Sir Robert Finlay, on the other hand, is perfectly competent to fill the post of Master of the Rolls; but it would be impossible to offer the Solicitor-Generalship to Sir Edward Clarke. Mr. Carson will probably be the next Solicitor-General. Altogether the situation is one of some difficulty. Sir Edward Clarke would have made an admirable Lord Chief Justice, but as events have turned out, there is no likelihood of his ever reaching that place.

It is impossible to say that Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, now Governor of Natal, and designated by rumour as the successor of Lord Rosmead, has the ability requisite for the post of High Commissioner of South Africa and Governor of Cape Colony. Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson is an amiable, but not a strong, colonial governor; whereas a statesman of the first order should be sent to Cape Town. But who is there? The Colonial service has no great men at present, and no distinguished outsider seems available or willing to go. The experiment might be tried of sending a young nobleman with good manners and some experience of the House of Commons, say, Lord Pembroke or the Duke of Leeds. It is extraordinary what a number of colonial governors are Irishmen. There are three Irish Robinsons in the Service, and the names of Blake, O'Brien, O'Shea, Pope Hennessy, Hely-Hutchinson, at once occur to the memory.

LI HUNG-CHANG'S MISSION.

LI HUNG-CHANG leaves England to-day, and there is no doubt that—in marked contrast to some of his Continental experiences—he has thoroughly enjoyed himself during the three weeks of his stay amongst us. From a diplomatic point of view, this journey round the world may, or may not, have important results; what concerns us just now is the industrial aspect of the event. Having before our eyes the modern development of the little group of Japanese islands, it is difficult to set any limits to the expansion of an enormous Empire like China; and the real question is, Have the disasters of the late war so worked upon the Chinese official mind, that out of the ferment there may be evolved a definite purpose to shake off the lethargy that has brought the Empire to the brink of ruin, and to make a start on the same road that led to such remarkable results in the case of Japan? The appearance in the West of the ex-Viceroy of Pechili is, of course, a hopeful sign; but we must not forget that we have already had a prominent Chinese statesman among us, who made speeches and promised reforms and wrote charming articles in the reviews about the "Awakening of China." When, however, the Marquis Tseng went home he was powerless to carry out the least of his pledges; the very fact of his residence in the West made him suspect among the orthodox, and he died in retirement—almost in disgrace. But signs are not wanting that the mission of Li Hung-chang may end differently. In the first place, China has for the first time in her modern history been thoroughly humbled and frightened, and that not by a distant and incalculable Power, but by a long despised neighbour, less than one-tenth her size and little more than one-eighth her population, whose superiority dates from only a few years back and is the direct result of the adoption of Western methods. In the second place, Li Hung-chang is a much bigger and stronger man than Tseng. He has been in disgrace more than once already, and his master has always had to bring him back to greater power than before—a power that is no mere ceremonial dignity, as may be judged from his grim remark to the Duke of Devonshire that he was more accustomed to shooting rebels than grouse. We are well within the probabilities, then, if we assume that Li has formed some definite plans for the development of China on Western lines, and that he will be strong enough on his return to force those schemes on Chinese officialdom.

That China will lay in a stock of guns, ships, and machinery may be taken for granted. That will mean a strengthening of the country against attack, and a few millions of pounds in the pockets of some European or American manufacturers; but in itself the appearance of more ships and guns at Tientsin and Port Arthur will not cause a stir in the life of the Empire. The real opener-up of China will be the railways, and those who have been close to Li Hung-chang since he first reached Europe know that he has set his mind on a systematic extension of railways throughout the Empire. Such lines of railway as have hitherto been grudgingly sanctioned have been rather strategical than commercial; the first line that really taps one of the inland provinces and brings it into touch with the sea will mark the beginning of a new era in China. In Africa, in Canada, in Siberia, great railway schemes are being pushed forward in the hope that population may follow the iron road, and that commerce may follow population. But in China the population and the wealth, both agricultural and mineral, are already there, accumulated and dormant, waiting for the awakening shock that shall bring them into the current of the world's commerce. The provinces of Szechuen and Yunnan alone have within them possibilities of trade equal to that of many a European State. That intrepid traveller, Mrs. Bishop, better known as Miss Isabella Bird, has just returned from a six months' journey up the Yangtse and into hitherto unexplored districts in Western China, and she brings back reports of a country of marvellous fertility and wealth. In some regions there was coal in great abundance, in others gold and enormous quantities of nitrate of soda, almost every-

where there is a dense and thriving population, "the size and handsome appearance of the farmhouses being especially remarkable." What is such a country not capable of in the way of demand and supply if once brought into contact with Europe! Of course there is a certain amount of traffic on the navigable portions of the Yangtse and other rivers, but this scarcely touches the fringe of the immense provinces that might be opened up. In Japan, in the ten years 1884-1894 the imports and exports increased from £12,000,000 to £46,000,000. How many Japans are lying undeveloped in Western China?

Perhaps the final and convincing argument which the travelled Viceroy will find effective is that, whether China likes it or no, railways from without are approaching the frontiers of the Empire, and that they will certainly find a way in, and enrich foreign States with traffic and revenues that might be added to the Chinese treasury. In view of the Japanese indemnity and further necessary loans, some means must certainly be found of increasing the resources of the Peking Government. Russia, with a courage and determination that put our timid and vacillating policy to shame, is pushing forward her Siberian railway, and it will soon strike the North of China. The young Tsar, we are told, never misses a sitting of the Siberian Railway Committee, and Prince Khilkoff, the Imperial Minister of Communications, is at this moment undertaking a toilsome journey to the Pacific through Siberia, in order to urge on the work. France and England, which in Tonquin and Burma touch the Southern provinces of China, have been very slack in taking advantage of their position, but they are both pushing forward towards Yunnan. The Indian Railway Department seems at last to be thoroughly awakened. The rate of construction has been doubled, and Lord George Hamilton was able to report in his Budget speech last week that within the next three years Rx36,000,000 would be applied to the making of railways, including, in Burma, that from Mandalay to Kunlon Ferry, not far from the Chinese frontier. There ought certainly to be no further delay in at least completing the surveys for the line through Siam to Sumao, so often advocated in the "Saturday Review" by the most competent authorities. Much will naturally depend on the financial resources of the Chinese Government, but the conditions in China are not unlike those in India, and one of the results of the increased expenditure of which we have just spoken has been a steady proportionate increase in the net revenue of the Indian railways. Expenditure that brings in a return of close on six per cent. need not frighten a country that even after the war was able to borrow £15,000,000 at four per cent.

There seems no doubt that one object of Li Hung-chang's mission was to obtain assent to an increase of the Customs tariff. By the time China has borrowed the further sums necessary to satisfy Japan the greater part of her Customs revenue will be appropriated to the service of her debt, and the Imperial Government has had to cast around for means of filling the void. Conceiving it dangerous to touch the Land and Salt Taxes, which are its other chief sources of income, it has fallen back on the line of least resistance, and seeks to lay the burden on foreign trade. China's demand is understood to be twofold. She wants to raise her tariff, and she wants to revise the scale of values on which it is based. The Treaty of Tientsin stipulated for a uniform rate of 5 per cent. *ad valorem* on imports and exports; and the curious may find, in certain papers presented to Parliament in 1859, the schedule of merchandise and values on which the rate of duty was fixed. That scale has never been revised, and has come, in the course of years, to vary widely from actual fact. Tea has so fallen in value that it has come to pay 16 per cent. instead of 5; silk has risen, and pays barely 4; while the price of some imports has altered so that they really pay about 2½. China claims, with reason, that the scale shall be revised, and an appraisement made in accordance with modern price. She wants also to add 50 per cent. to the rate of duty, and to base the new scale on 7½ per cent.

Admitting that money must be had, Eastern Chambers of Commerce appear to acquiesce in the principle

of the demand, but they take the opportunity of insisting that China shall also help herself. Pointing to her backwardness in the matter of communications, and to the wasteful complexity of her fiscal system, they say to her: "Your revenue would rise automatically by leaps and bounds if you would make railways, open your waterways to steam, remove your harassing inland taxation, and generally facilitate the movement of commerce. If we agree to pay more duties, it must be on the understanding that these reforms are begun."

There has not been time, yet, for the topic to be thrashed out. The utterances that have reached us have been in the nature rather of indications than specific demands. But it is clear that some such equivalents will be asked for; and stress is laid, above all, on inland taxation. One of the most important provisions of the Treaty of Tientsin was that merchandise should be allowed to travel freely through the Empire on payment of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. as Transit duty. By dint of constant pressure this clause has come to be more or less operative in the North; but it is still, five-and-thirty years after the event, absolutely unrecognized in the South; and merchants take the opportunity, naturally, of insisting that it shall be made effective throughout the Empire. Any increase of the maritime customs must be accompanied by the abolition of all other inland collections beyond the stipulated $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. If it be pleaded that the Central Government lacks power to accomplish this reform, it may be answered that the lever is ready to its hand: Let it admit steam. Steamboats and railway trains cannot be stopped every twenty or fifty miles, their cargoes examined, invoices verified, and a tax collected before they are allowed to proceed. Steam will extinguish such a system, of itself. But steam means money, and the only means by which either foreign or Chinese capital can be attracted is that it shall be under foreign control. China is jealous of admitting such control, not foreseeing exactly how far it may reach; but it will have to be admitted in some shape if capital is to be attracted and railways are to be made a success.

NANSEN.

"WHAT'S the good?" is the phrase which has been frequently enough on the lips of the would-be cynic since, on Thursday last week, the news was sprung upon us that Nansen had returned after getting to within 250 miles of the North Pole. The answer comes in the shape of a universal "Hurrah!" of admiration for the pluck of a man who, with a solitary companion, trudged for 600 miles over an icebound sea from no other motive than the increase of knowledge. It is useless for the utilitarian to carp; the curiosity of man as to the remote corners of his earthly habitation is not to be suppressed. The coast of Norway has for the last week or two been swarming with seekers after knowledge. There are the disappointed Eclipse parties; and then Nansen bears down from the Pole in the "Windward," laden with news of the doings of Jackson and his men, who, luckily for Nansen, were peering into the corners of Franz Josef Land; then Martin Conway turns up in their midst after trying to force from Spitzbergen its few remaining secrets. Man after man returns to tell us that Andrée is still waiting at Danes Island for a wind to waft him across the Pole; amidst it all may be heard the modest voice of the "Jeafferson-Farnham Expedition" claiming a hearing. But Nansen is deservedly the hero of the week. He had done heroic work in the past; his crossing of Greenland placed him in the front rank of pioneer explorers, and proved that the endurance of himself and his men had scarcely a limit.

Fridtjof Nansen is no harebrained enthusiast in search of notoriety. He is thirty-five years of age, considerably over six feet in height, of perfect build and flawless physique. He has had the best training that the Universities and science schools of Norway could give, and has done original work in biology, which gives him distinct rank as a man of science. Nansen began his career as a "skiløber" (snow-shoer) when he was four years old, and in time became known as one of the most accom-

plished athletes in this and other respects in Norway. In skating, shooting, and other sports he became as efficient as he was on the "ski." When hardly out of his teens he made a voyage to the seas between Spitzbergen and Greenland in order to investigate the animal life of the Arctic regions. On his return he was appointed curator of the Bergen Museum, which he held till 1888, when he started on that memorable expedition across Greenland, which brought his name prominently before the world and gained for him the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. Thus it will be seen that alike by physical training, experience in exploring, and by the habit of scientific research Dr. Nansen is well qualified for the task on which he entered some three years ago.

This is the man who three years ago set out to seek the Pole, which men of many nations have vainly tried to touch for the last five hundred years. Davis, Baffin, Barents, Phipps, Scoresby, Parry, Markham, Lockwood. These are the names of some of those who have set out full of hope of reaching the highest latitude, and have had to return baffled. Tales have been told of men who have all but seen the Pole, but they are fond fables. The citadel still remains unconquered, though Nansen has been almost within hail of it, and has reached a latitude 200 miles higher than any of his predecessors. Not only so; but no man has ever made such a record of travel at one stretch northward in the Arctic as he and his companions have done. His farthest is about $86^{\circ} 25' N.$, three degrees, or some 200 miles, higher than the furthest parts reached by Markham and Lockwood.

Let it be remembered that Nansen's object was to commit his ship, the "Fram," to the current, which he believed would bear him across the unexplored North Polar area. He never said it would bear him to the Pole. He might get to land somewhere near it, and over that land might make his way to the Pole itself. About a month after the "Fram" left the Kara Sea she was frozen in, not far from the New Siberian Islands. She has fulfilled all the expectations which her builder had formed, and that is saying much. Ice-floes in their fury have piled themselves over each other, and sought to crush her, as they have done many a good ship in the past, but failed; and the "Fram" has come out scatheless and touched the coast of Norway close on the heels of her leader, thanks to the excellent navigation of her captain, Sverdrup, and the splendid spirit which animates her men, nearly all of them men of training like Nansen, who entered on the enterprise for love of it. As it was evident the ship was not likely to drift on to any Polar land, Nansen decided to "land" on the sea, and push his way as far north as he could. The hide-bound soul of the martinet questions if he had any right to leave his ship and his men. It was his duty to do so. It was in his programme that he should leave the ship if the ship should not strike the Pole. If on land, good; if not, he was bound to make use of the only other available route, an ice-bound sea. It was evident that at $84^{\circ} N.$ the ship would drift westwards. But $84^{\circ} N.$ was not enough for Nansen. So with his kayaks (skin or canvas canoes), his sledges, and his available dogs, Nansen committed himself to the tender mercies of the restless ice. He was prepared to undertake the venture alone; but his companions were too true and loyal to permit that, and one of them, Johansen, volunteered to accompany him. Two were enough; more would have been embarrassing. And so began one of the most extraordinary journeys on record. In three weeks, in a northerly direction, these two fearless men reached $86^{\circ} 14'$ north, some 150 miles from the ship. But Nansen was not satisfied. Alone on his "ski" he hurried another dozen miles towards the Pole, but nothing but a waste of ever-moving ice was to be seen. And so the two, with scarcely a dog left, made haste to reach some haven, and fortunately in a marvellously short time they struck Franz Josef Land, on the coast of which they wintered, and in the summer of this year were gladdened by the baying of Jackson's dogs. The series of fortunate coincidences is too astounding to realize. Had Jackson not happened to be sledging in their direction, and had the "Windward" not been available, no doubt the two hardy Norsemen would have made their way to Spitz-

bergen or Norway in their skin canoes. Happily they have been saved the risk, and now that we have the lucky thirteen back in our midst again, we shall find ways and means of showing them what the kindly race of men think of their daring in the cause of science. For it has not been mere bravado, this unprecedented expedition. It has revealed to us that the North Polar area is in all probability landless. It has sounded those hitherto unvisited seas and proved that previous conjecture was wrong, and that, instead of being shallow, the Arctic Ocean is 1,500 fathoms deep. Many other additions to science have been made during the three years the expedition has been at work, as is evident from the wonderfully interesting and full telegram which has been presented to the public by the admirable enterprise of the "Daily Chronicle." And the cost has been so little, compared with some previous expeditions—not much more than £25,000. Not a life has been lost; and all has apparently gone happily on board the "Fram," the further adventures of which are sure to abound with exciting incidents. *Blasé* as men are, devoid of sentiment as we profess to each other, it is evident from the intense and widespread interest taken in the story of Nansen and his men that, after all, "the ancient spirit is not dead," and that Quixotism in the cause of the modern fetish, Science, is not thrown away even upon the most "advanced" humanity.

THE WATER DIFFICULTY.

THE water scandal in the East End is likely to produce, at any rate, one good result: it will cause the public to take matters into their own hands. The salient facts of the situation are plain enough. The supply of water to the poorest and most crowded district of the metropolis is less than it should be; the Company that undertakes to supply this quarter has failed for two consecutive years in its undertaking. And yet, if we take into consideration all the present sources of supply, there is at this moment water enough to give the whole city a constant service. Whether the County Council or the Company are to blame is a matter of the most transient interest. It would not at all follow, if the Council were to blame, that the company system should remain, nor, if the Company were to blame, that the County Council should take its place. Looking however at the admitted facts of the situation, what improvement is likely to be effected by substituting a single metropolitan water authority for the eight existing companies?

By means of a system common to the whole metropolis, the excess in one quarter would be diverted to make up the deficiency in another. Under the present divided authority with distinct systems, that is impossible, owing to want of communication and diversity of interest. The single authority should be tried; but that authority must get possession of the water supply, and can only do so by fair purchase at a fair price. This much has actually been settled for many years. The Plunkett Committee, which sat on the Council's transfer Bills of 1885, did not consider it open to them to question the desirability of creating the single water authority: which makes the failure of Parliament and of the County Council the more outrageous.

But we have some hope of the Moderate party. They have now a practical and experienced public man as a leader, who can hardly help seeing the great opportunity the party have in this Water question of scoring a point off their opponents by doing a real service to the public. The Progressists have lost all their advantage by playing a good card badly; their plan of several distinct transfer Bills, loaded with a "rigged" arbitration clause, absolutely failed, and will never be tried again. It is now the Moderates' turn to propose something. The two main points of the water problem—the creation of the new authority and the buying out of the companies—are distinct, and must be treated separately. The former must be dealt with by the Government in a public Bill, the latter by the County Council in a private Bill, threshed out by a Select Committee. One Bill can deal with all eight companies at once. The price to be paid must be settled by open arbitration, but it might be well

that the tribunal should be directly constituted under the special Act, with, perhaps, an experienced lawyer as chairman, aided by a water expert and a surveyor. The Land Clauses Acts might admit too weak a tribunal. Next, the County Council, though having powers of compulsory purchase, should not be under compulsion to use them, or the municipality might be landed in an unprofitable bargain. There is little doubt that purchase would result from such a Bill, but the discretion given to the Council to put their compulsory powers in force would make it easier for those Moderates who are opposed to purchase to fall in with the policy. In all probability there would be no need to resort to compulsion except in a very few instances; the majority of the companies, as at Birmingham, would come to terms. A Bill on these lines would pass through the present House of Commons, and would encounter no obstacle in the Lords. Let Lord Onslow present such a proposal to the Progressists, and we fancy they will find it difficult not to agree with their adversaries. Their temper towards the Moderates has become much more reasonable since they have ceased to be generalised by Mr. Charles Harrison. We have also a shrewd suspicion that the present Parliamentary agent to the Council would like to have the *kudos* of piloting a successful water scheme through Parliament during his present tenure of office. Who can tell what changes the future may have in store for any of us?

The Purchase Bill through, it will remain for the Government to create a water authority that shall *ipso facto* take over both control and ownership from the County Council. It must be in many ways a different measure from Lord James's luckless Bill. If these suggestions were adopted, we believe the Water question could be finally and speedily settled, and as a fact these are the lines on which the Moderate policy will probably be framed.

THE SALISBURY-OLNEY CORRESPONDENCE.

IT is a matter for congratulation that before the prorogation of Parliament Ministers were able to give the country an assurance that the negotiations with the United States were progressing satisfactorily, and bade fair to lead to an amicable solution of the points at issue with regard to Venezuela. It is not equally satisfactory to reflect that similar assurances preceded the recent publication of the correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney. For it can hardly be denied that, though the tone of that correspondence was, on the whole, friendly and courteous enough, there remained a very wide divergence between the parties, and a conflict of views which, to the outsider, seemed irreconcilable without serious concessions on one side or the other.

It is devoutly to be hoped that in the present instance the reassuring statements of the Secretary of State will be fully borne out by the further instalment of correspondence. Meanwhile, it would be a misfortune if the agreement which is so devoutly to be wished for were to be postponed, or rendered impossible, by obstacles which are capable of removal.

When last Christmas the first interchange of correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney came upon the majority of the public like a bolt out of the blue, after the first surprise had been got over there was practical unanimity in the attitude of the nation. It was felt that the United States had determined to force a quarrel upon us and to impose upon us terms which no self-respecting nation could accept and live. Few can doubt that the temper of men's minds at that time was such that war with all its fearful risks and dangers would have been accepted by the country even if it had involved a national disaster. Fortunately the critical stage passed away, and much has happened since to alter and to soften the rigour of the situation. But there is one dangerous feature in the situation which remains, and which is too frequently overlooked. In this country the party which desires war with the United States could be put into a first-class carriage, if such a party exists at all; in the United States, on the other hand, there is beyond doubt a very large and powerful party which does deliberately desire war with some-

body, and by preference with the United Kingdom. This latter party is happily not by any means identical with the people of the United States; but one thing only is required to make it so: namely, a good cause; or at any rate a cause which is not demonstrably wicked and unjust. Is it quite certain that, in giving our tacit assent to the propositions laid down by Lord Salisbury, we are not providing the war party in the United States with precisely the reinforcement they require? And, what is much more important, is it quite certain that we are not depriving ourselves of the enormous advantage which an absolutely just and clear case conferred upon us?

There are at least two points in the correspondence which suggest these doubts. Apart from diplomatic verbiage they may be very clearly and briefly stated.

One refers to the special Venezuelan question, the other to the very important subject of arbitration, which has now become inextricably interwoven with the local issue. With regard to the former, the issue is as follows: Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney are agreed that arbitration in respect to the Venezuelan boundary line should be resorted to. On one point, and one only, they disagree, but their disagreement goes to the root of the whole matter. "I will arbitrate with respect to the frontier," says Lord Salisbury, "but I will reserve from the arbitrators all those portions of the disputed territory which are in effective British occupation." And the Prime Minister adds his reason: "I will not," says he in effect, "submit to the arbitrament of foreigners, or, indeed, of any tribunal, the rights of British subjects to territory of which they have taken possession in good faith and relying upon assurances formally given." To which Mr. Olney replies: "Arbitration without the inclusion of the territory which forms the crux of the whole difficulty is no arbitration; if these people, who have all gone in during the last ten years, have acted upon the faith of assurances, those assurances were given by you and not by the Venezuelans, who have consistently protested. It is your right to give those assurances which is to be the subject of inquiry; if it be proved that you had no right to give them, clearly your subjects would have a claim for compensation, but a claim against you who misled them." Now surely this is common sense, and will be admitted to be so in any issue between individuals. A landlord permits his agent to build a house on his neighbour's land. The agent lets the house and the landlord gives a good title to the tenant. The validity of the title is tried; judgment goes against the landlord, who thereupon pays compensation to his own tenant. What judge would listen to a demurrer put in by the landlord on the ground that he having given assurances to his tenant, a good title to the land was thereby created?

Is there any reason to believe that, if he once understands the problem, the average British elector will take a view of the equities of the international situation different from that which he would undoubtedly take with respect to the merits of the private litigation?

So much for the Venezuelan or local side of the question. There is reason to fear that we have adopted an equally indefensible position with regard to one aspect at least of the general question of the arbitration treaty. What are the facts? Here again the parties are agreed up to a certain point. Both are willing that there should be arbitration between the two countries: compulsory arbitration in certain minor matters; arbitration by consent with regard to graver questions. But with regard to the last point there is a divergence of opinion. Both Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney admit that there are certain vital questions concerning territory, the national honour, the national integrity, which no nation can afford to submit to arbitration without appeal. Each statesman has his way out of the difficulty. "Let us submit these grave questions to arbitration," says Lord Salisbury, "but if one out of the six arbitrators differ from his colleagues, then the decision shall be referred to the Parliament or Congress of the defeated party, and it shall be for that body to decide whether it will accept or reject the award." "No," replies Mr. Olney, "that is not common sense; an arbitration in which the defeated party is at liberty to reject the award is not arbitration at all, but a mere waste of human time and

temper. If the issue be of the grave character referred to, then let the question of arbitration or non-arbitration be referred as a condition precedent to the National Assemblies of both nations. If either Assembly decides that the matter shall not go to arbitration, there is an end of the treaty, and the ordinary means of national intercommunication must be resorted to. If, on the other hand, both Assemblies agree to arbitrate, then let the matter go on and the award be final."

Surely this, too, is common sense, and the British contention is not common sense. The very essence of an award is that it shall be final and binding; and to permit the unsuccessful party to reject the award merely because it is against him is not only to create a *reductio ad absurdum*, but, as Mr. Olney truly says, is a certain way to aggravate and embitter the original misunderstanding. Lord Salisbury may have, and indeed probably has, a far stronger case than his adversary. Indeed, it still remains a mystery to many what the United States have to do with the Venezuelan question at all. But at the present stage it is too late to make any difficulty upon that score, for the existence of the correspondence is in itself an admission of the right. But we shall be judged, and must expect to be judged, upon the case which we have ourselves set up, and upon the arguments which we have ourselves put forward.

Can we make good the two arguments which have been referred to? If not, surely it would be well to abandon them in time. Nothing will make their abandonment more easy than a clear expression of public opinion to the effect that they are not sound, and that the nation will not support them.

A foreign war has been the immemorial method of escape from domestic difficulties. The domestic difficulties of the United States at this moment are great and growing, and there is evidence to prove that the immemorial method of escape has not been lost sight of by some influential politicians, and by a considerable party in the republic. It is not our interest to give to an ambitious politician the "call" of a war with Great Britain upon grounds not wholly illogical and outrageous.

H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

THE POSSIBILITY OF HUMAN FLIGHT.

THE recent accident by which Herr Otto Lilienthal lost his life while performing one of his bird-like descents, supported by a double aeroplane, closely following the successful flight of Professor Langley's machine over the Potomac in America, has drawn public attention to the question as to whether the flying machine will soon or ever be a *fait accompli*.

To say that man will literally fly not only asserts a proved impossibility, but when applied to the flying machine is technically incorrect. To say that he will be able to mount into the air supported on an aeroplane fitted with a motor capable of propelling it with sufficient velocity to enable it to raise his weight together with its own, and travel at a considerable pace even against a wind, is a fundamental article in the creed of every aeronautical physicist.

The main principle involved in the modern aeroplane flying machine is essentially that of the kite. A plane surface inclined at a small angle to the horizon and exposed to the wind is supported in a stationary position, when moored, by the upward component of the pressure. If, instead of the air moving against the kite or aeroplane, as it is more technically termed, we imagine the latter, still inclined but free, to be propelled forwards by a stern screw fan, so as to create a wind by its own motion, the conditions giving rise to support are maintained precisely as when it was moored, with this difference only, that in proportion as the air is at rest so the aeroplane will move relatively to the earth.

There are thus two main conditions to be fulfilled in order to secure aeroplane flight—namely, an inclination (variable according to circumstances) and a motor sufficiently powerful and light to supply the entire apparatus with the necessary velocity. In addition to these the aeroplane must be stable, so that when exposed to the action of disturbing currents or anything tending to overturn it, contrary forces are set in action tending to restore its equilibrium. This is now the

chief and almost the only difficulty that has to be surmounted.

The possibility of driving a self-supporting aeroplane through the air has been practically demonstrated in Professor Langley's experiment with his small model, and in order that a similar machine of larger dimensions may carry a man, it will only be necessary to make a proportionally lighter motor and utilize the wind as an auxiliary, after the manner employed by the sailing birds, such as the albatross and the vulture, by intelligently altering the inclination with the gusts and lulls.

Lilienthal's failure was due to the fact that his aeroplane was fundamentally unstable. Leaving the question of motors to be dealt with by others, he tried to imitate the soaring birds without having first ascertained whether, in the absence of sufficient power to work his wings, which he never pretended to possess, he could create stability when, after having turned side on to the wind, he encountered a sudden gust. The bird, naturally and instinctively, by an upward movement of the lee wing is able to transform what is really an unstable into a stable combination, and restores its lost balance. The man, in the absence of such side power, requires his aeroplane to be stable in all positions, apart from any auxiliary wing movements which may be arranged so as to be worked by the motor.

The new flying machine which is now being constructed by Lawrence Hargrave of Sydney is based on what has been found by the kite principle to be a perfectly stable aeroplane. It not only comprises two plane surfaces, one above the other, but the sides are filled in, so that whenever it is turned over, it presents a fresh plane to the air instead of two sharp edges. It bears, in fact, the same relation to Lilienthal's double-wing planes that a ship does to a raft. Employed as a kite, its performances have eclipsed everything hitherto achieved, and only quite recently at Blue Hill Observatory, near Boston, several Hargrave kites, flown tandem, were able to reach a height of nearly a mile and a half, and float perfectly steadily without any tail adjuncts.

In order to convert such an aeroplane into a flying machine, Mr. Hargrave is adding movable front and rear planes by which the inclination can be altered, as well as side planes to partially imitate the adjusting wing movements employed by soaring and sailing birds.

The motor, which he is building himself, is the product of much ingenuity and experience, the final survivor of a complete hecatomb of discarded models, and, with characteristic pluck, he is determined to trust himself to his aerial ship, and endeavour to solve, by the aid of all the modern knowledge of aerial mechanics and efficient and light motors, the most daring problem ever approached by man. That even he will be completely successful at first is open to doubt. The raising of the machine and man will doubtless be accomplished without much difficulty, especially if there happens to be but little wind; and if the motor works the stern screw fan properly, and the movable front plane is efficiently manipulated, a return to earth ought to be rendered easy and safe.

The difficulties will arise chiefly when a wind is blowing, since, as Professor Langley has shown from anemometrical records, what we are accustomed to think is a continuous motion is made up of an almost infinite number of small transitory oscillations—probably, in reality, if we could measure them in three dimensions, they would be found to be vortex whirls—and in order to accommodate his flying apparatus to these so as not merely to avoid bouleversement, but to utilize them so as to convert them into soaring energy, the art of aviation must be more practically studied by intending aerodromists. The lesson to be learnt from the fate of Lilienthal is that, in the absence of power sufficient to make rapid side wing movements, man must primarily use a double aeroplane with closed-in vertical sides. Attached to this he may employ single movable planes for front and side motions, and the more he studies the art of the vulture and the albatross, who may be called the professional fliers among birds, the better he will fly himself.

Lord Kelvin has recently admitted that the supporting power of the air on an aeroplane moved through it far exceeds that which was assigned by theory, and there

is no reason to believe that the confident hope expressed by Mr. Hargrave that he would fly before many months are out may not be accomplished. Lilienthal's unfortunate accident merely points out a weakness against which Mr. Hargrave has fortunately provided.

DOUGLAS ARCHIBALD.

THE NEW BALKAN ALLIANCE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT BUDAPEST.)

UNTIL the other day the impression was abroad that, if irreconcilable animosities were to be looked for anywhere, it was among the various states of the Balkan peninsula. But the sympathies and antipathies of countries are almost as shortlived as those of schoolgirls, and now, hey presto, they are all in each other's arms, or very nearly so. Serbia was sundered from her brother-Serbs of Montenegro by the marriage of a Karageorgevitch to a daughter of Prince Nicholas; Bulgaria was anathema at Belgrade for her retrospect of Slivnitsa and her prospects in Macedonia; Roumania was suspected as a mere outpost of the Triplice; and the hand of Greece, jealous in her failures and ever cantankerous by her nature, was against every State. But, lo! all these animosities have collapsed like a house of cards. The Servian Pretender, in losing his wife, loses also his father-in-law, who comes to the *de facto* King's table and proclaims a Magna Serbia and a blood-brotherhood, wherein the differences of centuries are buried. The Prince of Bulgaria, now become more Slav than the Slavs, is joyfully enrolled as a Slav ally; Slivnitsa was not in his time and may be forgotten, Macedonia has not yet come up for partition. Greece and Roumania are patching up their petty money-squabble in their anxiety to follow the prevailing fashion to "kiss and be friends."

This latter fact finds a variety of interpretation. In Austria, which, in despair over all her failures in the Balkans, catches at straws, we are told it means a counterpoise to the new Slav Triplice. But though we might credit Roumania's adherence, despite her Outlanders in Hungary, on account of her vexation for lost Bessarabia and the recent amenities of Francis Joseph, we refuse to dream of such eccentricity even on the part of eccentric Greece. Religion, as well as tradition, binds her to Russia, and the temporary alliance of Russia with Turkey (an unnatural alliance of wolf with lamb, surely) does not warrant such deviation. Greece, bankrupt and outcast among nations, must know by this time that her old aspirations to Eastern Empire would now provoke a scream of derision from one end of Europe to the other, and that any sops which may be in store for her are more likely to be doled out by Russia than by any other country. And she is taking her part in the royal amenities, which are the outward and visible signs of the new alliance: King Alexander has been to Athens lately and Prince Ferdinand is due there before very long. If, therefore, Greece and Roumania have come together, it is Greece who has enlisted Roumania into the new confederation, not Roumania who has isolated her against it. Why on earth should Greece or Roumania imagine that the new alliance is directed against them? No one is seeking expansion at their expense. Of course the obvious conclusion is that it is directed against Turkey, in which case Greece would certainly not need two invitations to join it. But an alliance against Turkey were surely supererogatory now that Turkey is crumbling to her natural decay. The various heirs presumptive have only to wait and be duly thankful for what they are about to receive. But if, when the Sick Man's unconscionably long death-scene is at last over, they are all at sixes and sevens, they may easily find that some stronger claimant, who has known his own mind for a long time, may step in and seize the spoils. If, on the other hand, they have come to terms, they present a united front which may not be sneezed at. Little principalities and trumpery Powers are mere pawns when they are isolated, but unite the five of them in one solid phalanx and you queen them so that they may sweep the board. They have the advantage of being on the spot, and of having long paved the way to their ends by appeals to the sentiment of nationality. Nor do they need to play cat's-paw to

Russia, who has nothing to give them either of her own or Mr. Barlow's baking, and who, *du reste*, has transferred her aspirations to the further East.

We see no reason for concluding, as everybody has done, that a new alliance is necessarily offensive. But if any Power be menaced it is surely Austria, the real Sick Man of Europe, for whom no Balkan State is likely to don mourning. Some wiseacre, who had not fathomed the impersonal solidarity of Islam, recently remarked that the Turkish Empire would live as long as and no longer than the present Emperor of Turkey. Of the Turkish Empire in Europe this is possible; but of the Austrian Empire it is certain. That unwieldy, incoherent monster (*informe ingens*) is only held together by the homely tact and half-contemptuous popularity of the Emperor Francis Joseph. When his hand no longer grasps the tiller, his Empire must drift straight upon the rocks. What rocks it is premature to augur; but one theory (as good as another) is that Germany will snatch at Vienna (where Baron Schoenerer's partisans are not extinct); that Italy will monopolize the Adriatic; and that Russia will extend her Polish frontier. Croatia would then rise into, and Hungary sink into, Powers of the present Balkan calibre. Then would come the opportunity of the new alliance. Roumania might annex Transylvania and advance to Karansebes, if not to Temesvár; Servia occupy Bosnia and cross the Save at least as far as Neusatz; Montenegro encroach upon the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar and perhaps the Herzegovina; while Bulgaria would be rewarded for her acquiescence by the undisputed reversion of Macedonia and—who knows?—of Constantinople. As for Greece, she might rectify her frontier, and, being conspicuously unable to govern herself, set herself to govern ungovernable Crete. In any case she would have more than she deserved. Of course such remodelling of Europe is the purest speculation on our part; but at least it points in a plausible direction of eventual expansion, which is more than can be said for other forecasts usually in vogue.

MILLAIS AS ARTIST.

I

THE career of Millais will certainly present, to the future student of the Fine Arts, a very singular picture of the vicissitudes which an impressionable man of genius could undergo in England during this nineteenth century. From the time when Millais first appears as one of the Pre-Raphaelites to the time when he becomes an Academician and the popular painter of such pictures as "Bubbles" and the "Beefeater," his work shows a continuous series of gradual changes and modifications. At first it is the work of a man painting with more and more freedom and power; then gradually this freedom of handling becomes mere looseness of handling; and, finally, what was originally expressive is exchanged for what is merely externally effective. That is not the popular view of Millais; not the view of a recent writer, for instance, who declared that "he promises to end a true successor of Gainsborough and Reynolds." Let us, then, examine Millais's work, however briefly, in some order of time.

Certainly, one of the most significant traits in the character of Millais was his impressionability. He reveals this at the very commencement of his career, in the extraordinary way in which he was influenced by Holman Hunt and Rossetti. Before his acquaintance with these two painters, at that time fellow-students with him in the Academy schools, had led to the realization of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, he had already painted and exhibited several pictures, amongst others, in 1846, one of "Pizarro," which has been described as "a fair example of the kind of Art turned out by such men as Hilton, Briggs, and others, who are now more than half-forgotten." A couple of years later his notions of Art are entirely changed; and he paints the now famous "Isabella" with a minute attention to detail and an earnestness of purpose which recall the Flemish painters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. And here it would be well to understand that vague and perplexing term Pre-Raphaelitism. Used as the

"Brotherhood" originally used it, it meant a scrupulous attention in detail to all the external appearances of Nature. We have an example of it in Holman Hunt, sitting up, night after night, in an open shed, painting the accessories of the "Light of the World" by the aid of a candle. But, used as it is now commonly used, it means something very different. Some people, we were told the other day, hold that in Sir Edward Burne-Jones Pre-Raphaelitism reached its culmination; yet Sir Edward Burne-Jones has never drawn any piece of Nature without saying first to himself, How would Rossetti, or Mantegna, or whatever master is uppermost in his mind—how would he have drawn this? In this sense Millais was at no time of his career a Pre-Raphaelite. The story has been often repeated—how Lasinio's engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa first aroused in Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti the desire of freeing themselves from the trammels of the school in which they had been brought up. "The Pre-Raphaelites," said Ruskin, "imitate no pictures: they paint from Nature only. But they have opposed themselves as a body to that kind of teaching which only began after Raphael's time: and they have opposed themselves as sternly to the entire feeling of the Renaissance schools." Had Ruskin had the power of seeing Italian painting, or any painting, for that, as a writer must see it if he would criticize it, he would not have supposed that mannerisms in Italian art did not begin until after Raphael's time. The defect not only of the school of Raphael, but of the school of Giotto, also, was, as Leonardo da Vinci observed, a defect of mannerism, "of imitating the pictures that were already done," to the exclusion of a due study of Nature, "the mistress of all masters." As we now look back upon Pre-Raphaelitism, we see that it was only another effort to form an original manner which should be at once individual and expressive. It was but an accident of the time in which they lived that the Pre-Raphaelites, in making their selection from Nature, chose to adhere to what they conceived was external truth in the representation of Nature, which happened to entail an attention to detail, rather than to beauty of line or to the relation of masses. All art is a convention of one sort or another; and it matters little which it is, so long as the convention is a fine convention, and is really individual, really expressive. In making this choice they were largely compelled by the art which had gone before them; but at the same time they were but carrying farther a principle which had been already initiated by such painters as Egge and Maclise. Notions essentially similar, touching Truth in Art, had also been anticipated in the first volume of "Modern Painters." That Art should be inseparable from Truth and Morality was agreeable to the spirit of a Time when the moral temper of this country was still being exercised by the Oxford Movement and the consequent Gothic Revival. And so we find Holman Hunt painting the "Hireling Shepherd," "in rebuke of the sectarian vanities and vital negligence of the nation," and Ruskin fearful lest there may be some weak ones among the little Brotherhood "whom the Tractarian heresies may touch." That was in 1851; and it was under such influences, and especially under the influence of Holman Hunt, that Millais produced his most remarkable, if not his most accomplished, paintings: the "Christ in the House of his Parents," the "Ferdinand and Ariel," the "Return of the Dove to the Ark," the "Mariana." With Rossetti such considerations weighed very little, or only for a short time. The son of an Italian refugee who had devoted the leisure of his exile to write a mystical commentary on Dante, he found, as Botticelli and Michelangelo—greater spirits than himself—had found before, in the writings of the "divine" poet a well of inspiration more enduring and satisfying than the vagaries of Ruskin were able to suggest for him.

It was in the nature of things impossible that three men so variously gifted as Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti should continue to work with the same singleness of aim for any length of time. The strongest and most original of them was naturally the first to break away in the inevitable effort to render the "manner" so acquired still more expressive and still more

individual. Indeed, Rossetti only painted three pictures—the “Girlhood of Mary Virgin,” the “Annunciation,” and the unfinished picture called “Found”—according to the professed principles of the “Brotherhood.” With Millais, however, the change was far more gradual; indeed, so insensibly did he acquire greater freedom of execution, greater power of conception, that it is not possible to point to any single picture in which the change is clearly defined. Of the other Pre-Raphaelites, Madox Brown, Collinson, Hughes, and others, all in time broke away, with the exception of Holman Hunt, who alone has consistently attempted to persevere, and has, in fact, persevered, down to the present time, in the way which the P.R.B. originally marked out for themselves. Of Pre-Raphaelitism in the strict sense of the term, in the sense in which Ruskin understood it, Holman Hunt must always appear the most considerable exponent, if not the most original spirit.

In 1852, the year in which Millais first tasted the sweets of popularity in “The Huguenot,” he exhibited the far finer, far less sentimental, picture of “Ophelia.” Certainly, if, as it has been said, one office of Art is “to make familiar things seem strange,” this figure of a drowning girl, as she floats in mid-stream with her outspread hair full of flowers, past the brilliant greens of the water-weeds, presents a very singular work of art; for the charm of such strangeness was never conveyed by means more naïve or direct. For the moment, however, Millais showed a tendency to break away from the better influences of the “Brotherhood” in the choice of his subjects, which often turn upon some anecdotal, rather than any poetical or dramatic, interest; as in the “Order of Release,” and other pictures of the next few years. But in 1856 he exhibited, among others, the picture called “Autumn Leaves,” in which he may, perhaps, be said to have first entirely found himself, and to have given expression to all that was finest in his nature, untrammelled by the influence of men more subjective and more self-reliant than himself. The charm of this picture consists in its purely poetical conception, unspoiled by the least blemish of anecdote. Four girls are heaping up the autumn leaves, as they burn, against the sky, in the twilight. In its own way, it is as artistically conceived as the “Soldier and the Gipsy” of Giorgione; and it expresses that native English sweetness and simplicity, which characterize so much of our best art, as perfectly as the sensuous forms and colours of the Italian painter express the more beautiful and complex life of the Venetian pastoral. Ruskin rightly said of Millais’s picture that it was “by much the most poetical work the painter has yet conceived”; but he added, speaking generally of Millais’s work this year, “I am not sure whether he may not be destined to surpass all that has been done in figure-painting, as Turner did all past landscape.” Praise so unbalanced, so uncritical as this, was not unnaturally followed by censure equally unbalanced, equally uncritical. Next year when Millais exhibited “Sir Isumbras at the Ford,” Ruskin declared that “it was not the Parnassian rock which Millais was ascending, but the Tarpeian. The change in his manner from the year of ‘Ophelia’ and ‘Mariana’ to 1857 is not merely fall—it is catastrophe; not merely a loss of power, but reversal of principle.” Of the why or the wherefore of all this there is no occasion to inquire; we need only deplore that this pitched-battle of the merest opinions gave Millais a notoriety which his own work, at this time, could not, from its nature, have brought him. The next year, in his picture of the “Black Brunswicker,” he seems to make a definite bid for that popularity and success which undoubtedly in his after life had so great a fascination for him.

And here we may pause to look back upon these early pictures, in which Millais approaches so nearly in his work to the work of his fellow Pre-Raphaelites. With nothing of the sensuous, subjective nature of Rossetti, and with little of the obvious didactic tendencies of Holman Hunt, Millais charms us in this early work by his expressiveness and by his sincerity—“a perfect sincerity,” as it has been said, “taking effect in the deliberate use of the most direct and unconventional expression, for the conveyance of a poetic sense which recognized no conventional standard.”

THE NEW WATCHWORDS OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

ARE we not extending too widely the privilege of writing nonsense in the magazines? It is well understood—Mr. Knowles may be said to have taught us the lesson—that we are bound to accept a title in lieu of any conspicuous intellectual endowment; and that, though a duke or an earl may not seem to have much to say, nor much facility or grace in the saying of it, yet it is remarkable that the duke or earl should have anything to say, and should be able and willing to say it, at all. “The dog does not dance well,” said Dr. Johnson; “but it is remarkable that he should dance at all.” So, if we get grammar from a bishop and logic from a judge, we may well be content without exacting from each dignitary the possession of both faculties. But we think we have a right to insist that if the writer in a magazine has nothing whatever to tell the reader, or is entirely incapable of explaining what it is that he desires to say, that writer, if not noble or a cabinet minister, should at least be a baronet, a bishop, or a judge.

The above reflections have been suggested to us by several papers, in various magazines, on the condition and prospects of modern fiction. The subject is very interesting, and generally tempts us to read as much as we can of the article. But the more we read the more have we been confounded. In essays on literature and art, metaphor seems universally to take the place of definition, and the objects of one sense are invariably treated as if they were the objects of another. The chief qualities in a sonata are colouring, light and shade, middle distance; while a picture seems to be composed of semitones, chords, octaves. “Turning to another octave we find that the face repeats the crimson of the sash: the great green hat is a single dominant chord, only faintly echoed through the background in the hair”; thus wrote, not very long ago, a well-known critic in the “Fortnightly,” and be it clearly understood that the passage is serious, and is not designed as a burlesque of modern criticism, which does not hesitate to describe one novel as a fugue and another as a vignette, while a third is hard in its colouring, and a fourth is set in consecutive fifths.

But over no terms does there hang such an impenetrable fog as over three words which seem now to be as indispensable in literary criticism as *plus* and *minus* in Algebra—we mean Realism, Idealism, and Romanticism. Accordingly, we were pleased when recently there came into our hands a not very recent “Contemporary” containing an article by Mr. Hall Caine on “The New Watchwords of Fiction,” which stated that for the next twenty years at least these watchwords would be Romanticism and Idealism. Here, we said to ourselves, we are sure to learn the exact connotation of these very prevalent terms. But we found that these watchwords did not seem to convey a very definite or consistent sense even to the writer himself, and at the very outset we were confronted by serious difficulties. First of all, we learned that “Idealism has nearly always taken the turn of Romanticism,” and that “Romance is the natural vehicle for great conceptions.” Hence one would infer that Romanticism is much the same as Idealism, and that our strongest efforts must be directed towards the exact apprehension of Idealism as distinguished from Realism. It was not, then, very satisfactory to be told nothing more definite than that “the Idealist does the world good, not by painting life as he sees it, but by virtue of the inward eye that we call Idealism,” and that “to the novelist fact is only of value as a help towards the display of passion. He does not deliberately falsify facts, but mere fact has no sanctity for him, and he would a thousand times rather outrage all the incidents of history than belie one impulse of the human heart.” But would it not be perverse in a novelist with such principles to deal with history at all? Would there not be reasons, for instance, against introducing Nero as a model son, though his relations with his mother certainly belied some impulses of the human heart, if the page of history may be trusted? But it seems that there is no difficulty at all in the matter:—“The real function of the novelist has been too frequently propounded, and ought to be too obvious to stand in need

of definition. It is that of proposing for solution, by means of incident and story, a problem of human life. Passion is the central fire from which his fact radiates, and fact is nothing to him, except as it comes from the central fire of passion." But when facts radiate from a central fire, is it Idealism or Realism? Let us see what his explanation of these terms will do for us:—"I take Realism to mean the importance of the real facts of life, and Idealism the doctrine of the superiority of ideal existence over the facts of life." But it would appear that the real facts of life are of no use to the novelist at all:—"There is a better rejoinder to the demand of the Realist that he should be allowed to paint the world as it is, and that is that he *never can*; no, not if he were a thousand times a Balzac." Yet we read that "Romanticism does not live only in the loveliest spots of this world of God. It exists within the four-mile radius at the present hour, and could be found there if only we had a second great Idealist like Dickens to go in search of it." So we should have thought. But is it not hard that the Realist should be scolded for wanting to paint the world—scolded as severely as if his ambition had been the much lower one of painting the town red; while the Idealist is encouraged to essay the feat without being even once a Balzac—which, of course, would not be nearly so difficult as being a Balzac a thousand times. Moreover, insult is to be added to the injury inflicted on the Realist:—"When we hear the Realist boast that he is painting life as it is, it will be a sufficient answer to say that he is talking nonsense." Now such a rejoinder would seem to be so curt as to be absolutely rude. It will not satisfy the Realist, and perhaps it is hardly prudent in Mr. Hall Caine to sanction by his precedent the employment of such a term as "nonsense" in reference to questions of literary criticism.

In view of the advantage possessed by the Idealist in the enjoyment of such a very considerable preserve as the facts of life to the exclusion of his rival the Realist, we naturally infer that most novelists must have been Idealists, and we are not surprised when we find ranged under the banner of Idealism not only Dickens, but Dumas, Hugo, Sue, Schiller, Goethe, George Sand, George Eliot, Scott, Hardy, Reade, Blackmore, Meredith, Wilkie Collins, and many more; while, with the exception of the inevitable Zola, the brothers Goncourt, and (inferentially) Balzac, we do not come on the name of any Realist except Turgeneff, while to Tolstoi and Ibsen is accorded a kind of modified Idealism. They are, as it were, on ticket of leave; they must report themselves from time to time to Mr. Hall Caine, and their future position will depend very much on their conduct while under his surveillance. We have not grasped the meaning of the terms with sufficient clearness to enable us with any confidence to place a given author in this or that class. Indeed, his own *criteria* discourage one in making such an attempt:—"I do not place Flaubert in that position because his work seems always to be clouded by the moral shadows which overhung his life; nor Daudet, for the reason that the ethical character of his best work is disfigured by what I cannot but consider a wilful determination to find the balance of justice on the wrong side of the world's account." However, so strong was our impression that Realism and Idealism were wide apart as the poles, that we were surprised to read that "The Idealist starts from exactly the same scene as the Realist, the scene of daily life; only he realizes that the little bit of life that comes under his physical eye is only a disproportionate fragment of the whole, and the eye of imagination tells him the rest." We were surprised, because we cannot conceive even the most desperate Realist refusing his assent to what is really an identical proposition—namely, that a part (or bit) is not equal to the whole—and therefore we cannot see wherein he will show himself to be different from the Idealist. Baffled here, we look about for some signs or symptoms which may denote Idealism, and we find with satisfaction such a sign in Enthusiasm. But our satisfaction is shortlived. We begin to reflect that Enthusiasm may be misdirected, and cannot, therefore, be always associated with a quality which is going to be one of the watchwords of fiction for at least twenty years, and which cannot be hampered by

connexion with what may be a bad influence. And, sure enough, we find it is not Enthusiasm which is the invariable concomitant of Idealism, but "Enthusiasm living with imagination in the hearts of great men, which has again and again set the world aflame, and purified and ennobled every nature it has touched, save only the natures that were touched already with fanaticism"; or, in other words, save only those natures which it has not purified and ennobled. With this restriction, imagination is highly commended. But would not nearly any quality which "lived with imagination in the heart of a great man" be likely to produce very excellent results? Is it not as if a Vegetarian should say that we should all be Vegetarians because lentils, combined with roast beef in the diet of a healthy man, have been found salubrious? Accordingly, when he says that some one should protest "with all the emphasis he can command" against the theory that "the stream of tendency is towards a newer and purer Realism," one cannot help thinking that a few plain reasons would have been even better than emphasis, and that best of all would have been a clear apprehension on the part of the emphatic one of the meaning of the terms which he emphasizes, and a clear exposition of the same to his readers. For instance, when we are told that "it was not the Slough of Despond that produced Christian," we reflect with some complacency that we never said (or indeed thought) it was, but we wonder why we are confronted with a proposition to which we cannot imagine even the most polemical disputant refusing his assent. We own that after the perusal of the article to which we have been referring, and many others dealing with Realism and Idealism in fiction, we cannot come to any conclusion but this: that Realism includes all those novels—be they what they may in other respects—which in Mr. Podsnap's phrase "are calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of youth"; and that Idealism embraces that very considerable body of fiction which the modern young lady can with little or no hesitation put into the hands of her brother or even her father. If this is the meaning of the terms, Mr. Caine's prophecy will probably be fulfilled. The British public will refuse to read works which seem to them to be immoral, even though they be works of genius, and this not only for twenty years, but as long as their very rudimentary sense of artistic beauty is so completely in abeyance to their somewhat stunted sense of moral fitness. Until a great (and in many respects undesirable) change takes place in the minds of the middle classes they will demand, and novelists will therefore supply, far more books on the level of "The Woman in White" or "The Bondsman" than on the level of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure." We agree, moreover, that we are not likely to have another Thackeray; but we base our opinion not so much on the anticipation that "the cynic will have to retire abashed" as on the belief that a cynic with the powers of Thackeray will not be forthcoming.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE RAND.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

JOHANNESBURG, 27 July, 1896.

THE Rhodesian situation has been the absorbing topic of interest and anxiety throughout the week. There have been rumours of native victories and the annihilation of Carrington's force and of impending attacks upon Bulawayo. These groundless reports have had a most demoralizing effect upon the Stock Exchange, the property market, and trade in all its ramifications.

It is greatly to be deplored that anxiety as to the course of events up north should tend to obscure the real and material progress which is being made in the conditions of the local industry. On all sides there are signs and evidences of improvement, and, by the removal of certain of the more oppressive disabilities, the mining industry will be established on a surer and more profitable basis than ever before. The so-called Liquor Party is making strenuous efforts, by public meetings, by deputations to the President, and by the representation of their cause in a journal notoriously

favourable to their interests, to obstruct the passage of the total Prohibition Law in the First Raad. Their opposition, however, is very lame and impotent; and, notwithstanding the fact that the President himself is disposed to sympathize, for reasons known only to himself, with the plight of the Bung, there is very little fear entertained in well-informed quarters about the rejection of this salutary measure—backed up as it is by all the force and influence of public opinion and industrial necessity—by the First Raad. Then, again, the efforts being made to deal definitely and determinedly with the native wages problem are making satisfactory progress, and there is very little doubt that before long we shall see a uniform and unalterable scale of native wages inaugurated in all the mines under the jurisdiction of the Chamber of Mines and the Association of Mines. Furthermore, the inconvenience which during the last few months has been experienced by various companies—principally along the West Rand—owing to the lack of facilities for meeting the demand for coal, is gradually abating. The number of trucks for this service has now been considerably increased, and though there is still a periodical shortage at some of the mines, the majority are able to obtain a fairly adequate supply, while it is hoped that before long the difficulty will be wholly surmounted. There is no reason, therefore, to anticipate any further stoppages arising from this cause, and the conditions of the mining industry to-day make hopefully for a speedy restoration of the former activity, under such improved circumstances as will render more profitable the operations of those mines already at work, and make it possible for the smaller and hitherto handicapped mines to enter the producing stage. There will then remain but one thing necessary to put the industry on as favourable a basis as can reasonably be hoped for. That, of course, is the Government expropriation of the Dynamite Monopoly. The difference between the local price of dynamite, 85s., and that at which it can be obtained at Buluwayo for instance, 62s., represents not only an enormous increase in the profits of the larger concerns, but all the difference, in the case of the smaller and over-capitalized concerns, between working at a profit and working at a loss. Although the three months of the Session which have elapsed have gone by without any indication having been given of the Government's intention to fulfil its implied assurance to take the dynamite grievance into consideration, there is still some reason to hope that the matter will be dealt with this year. Expropriation is bound to come sooner or later, just as in the case of the Netherlands Railway Company, and with the disappearance of the Dynamite Monopoly, and the readjustment and reorganization of the local railway system, will disappear the last of those evil and adverse influences of which the mining industry can legitimately complain.

The political unrest is abating. All the talk about the declaration of Boer independence, and an aggressive policy generally, is subsiding; and, though the rumour-monger is as much in evidence as ever, he is at a pretty considerable discount as a news agency, and his whispered tidings of ill-omen are now taken at just precisely what they are worth, and no more. Whatever designs the Boers may have harboured have now been abandoned at the dictates of prudence and expediency; and, whatever impression to the contrary may exist, it is now pretty certain that those subtly prepared plans for the extension of republican dominion to Cape Town on the south and the Zambesi on the north have been as hastily deferred as they were craftily devised. And this despite the fact that wagonloads of ammunition continue to be removed from this town stealthily by night under armed escorts, bound for unknown destinations. The latest Customs returns, by the way, show that the total value of cartridges imported into the Republic during June was £175, and during the six months from 1 January, 1896, £484. The same returns show that the total value of machinery imported during the six months was £1,059,674; of wines, £88,334; of Government ammunition, £31,199; and of railway material, £303,695. The total amount of Customs dues collected during June 1896 was £102,731 1s. 8d., and during the first six months of 1896 £618,917 11s. 3d.

The power given to the Directors of the newly formed

Consolidated Main Reef Mines and Estate, Limited, to increase the capital from £436,150 to £800,000, for the acquisition of further properties, is shortly to be exercised. Of this share increase, 135,000 shares will be devoted to the purchase of the entire assets of the Main Reef Gold Mining Company, including the township of Maraisburg; and 178,000 shares for the acquisition of the assets of the Consolidated Angle-Tharsis, the English Block and the additional portions of the Hamilton and Curtis Blocks. The further 50,000 shares, which are guaranteed by Messrs. Neumann and Barnato Brothers at 35s. per share, will be issued for the purpose of providing additional working capital, and the Main Reef Company has the option of taking up 21,507 of these shares at the guaranteed price within thirty days of assenting to the amalgamation.

Particulars are now available of the contemplated amalgamation of the Glencairn and Glenluce Gold Mining Companies. The capital of the amalgamated Company is to be £550,000, 225,000 shares going to each of the amalgamating companies; 50,000 (guaranteed at £3) being issued for additional working capital, and the remaining 50,000 being held in reserve. The issue of 50,000 will be offered in equal quantities to the shareholders of the companies concerned, under a guarantee from Messrs. Eckstein & Co., the Barnato Bank, the Consolidated Investment Company, and Messrs. Lace & Tompson, and the remaining 50,000 will be held under reserve to the guarantors at the same price of £3. The amalgamation offers many advantages to the two companies concerned, and the scheme has been well received by the local shareholders.

MONEY MATTERS.

IT is almost useless to discuss the Money Market, for there is no probability of an early change in rates, and the trifling fluctuations which go on from day to day, and have, for the matter of that, gone on in the same way during the past year or two, possess little importance to any except bank managers. They do not lack actuality; but they are certainly of small interest to the community as a whole. In the "House" business has been of a holiday character, and no decided movements have taken place.

Home Railway stocks have pursued the quiet tenor of a way that has been generally a trifle dull. The advance in prices had been, there can be little doubt, carried rather too far, and recently speculators for the rise have been aware of that fact, and also that the effect of probable stock-splitting operations had been discounted too far in advance. At the same time, the traffic returns continue to show excellent results. The Southern lines came out well on Monday, and on Wednesday the following results were declared:—Great Western, £12,030; North-Western, £11,197; Midland, £5,067; North-Eastern, £5,053; Great Northern, £1,542; Lancashire and Yorkshire, £4,375; Chatham, £1,274; South-Western, £4,003—all increases. The Sheffield was practically alone with a decrease of £1,326. While disposed to think that prices may droop during the next few weeks, we do not care to advise speculative sales of any stock in this department.

American Rails have had a quiet, dull, and uncertain market. Louisvilles, which dropped at one time to 40, have attracted most attention. These shares, we think, should not be sold: we incline to the belief that holders would do well to average, although our belief in "Yankees" is of a very qualified character. Milwaukeees are also better to "bull" than to "bear," but there is little in the general list to attract attention. Our opinion is that, although the market may not for some time to come improve to a material extent, the tendency will be upward if, and when, Mr. McKinley wins the day. Of Canadian Rails there is but little to be said. That derelict—it is no better—the Grand Trunk reported a small increase in its receipts, and the stocks of the Company have since drooped. If Sir Rivers Wilson were multiplied by ten or a hundred, he could do nothing with this hopeless

undertaking. The revenue of the Canadian Pacific continues to expand in a way which is not far short of remarkable, last week's increase amounting to \$62,000.

The Chicago Great Western—a "Stickney" road—did well in the past year, which was certainly about as bad a time as any "Granger" road may be reasonably expected to experience. In all departments of traffic the gross receipts increased, while—but too much stress should not be laid upon this point—the expenses were kept down at a fairly low level. The bondholders should not be led into selling by considerations of a general character, as, for instance, the possible success of Mr. Bryan, the apostle of Silver, in the Presidential election, but should hold on to what seems to be a good property amongst the lines which traverse the North-West of America.

Foreign securities have been absolutely featureless. International issues are to a certain extent supported abroad, but they are not likely to improve until the Cretan question has been settled and the troubles in Macedonia have come to an end. No fresh development in South American securities seems probable in the near future. Argentine issues are dear enough, but we think well of Uruguays.

Although there is generally ample reason for criticizing the actions of the Council of Foreign Bondholders, the ancient history which it dispenses is of the best quality. In the last report of this body we are told "it is a sad fact that, out of the seventy years that have elapsed since Ecuador first began to borrow money, the service of her External Debt has been in suspense for fifty-four years." For the last two or three years Ecuador has paid its creditors small sums on account, but in 1895 the bondholders accepted a reduction in interest, and it was thought that, at the cost of a considerable sacrifice, some permanent basis of settlement had been reached; but in March last the authorities once more suspended the service of debt. Liberia is another country with a record as a defaulter. It has not paid a penny on its foreign debt since 1874. Its Government turns "a deaf ear to the complaints and remonstrances of the holders of the External Debt." Honduras defaulted on all its four loans in 1873, and last year the President said:—"I will say something, but very little, about the External Debt. The people of Honduras are so accustomed to banish all thought of this from their minds, owing to the utter impossibility of paying it, that it would cause surprise to hear it even mentioned." This is in the true South American manner.

The new Russian Loan appears to have been a failure, although, of course, it was over-subscribed by *la haute finance*. The bonds, however, will no doubt be quietly put in circulation; for although they do not stand to yield more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to an investor, Russian credit is at a high figure, both in Paris and Berlin, especially the former centre. Here in London we hold extremely few of the Tsar's promises to pay, nor is it likely that their number will be increased. What are termed "International" securities are now of little interest to the English market, although at one time—say fifteen to twenty years ago—they were great favourites. They are too dear, unlike "Yankee" Rails, which are distinctly too cheap.

On the whole, the "Kaffir" Market has improved, the feature being the strength of "Modders." Westralian issues have hesitated, which is not what New Zealand shares have done, since they have for the time definitely retreated. Neither in Indian nor Copper shares is any definite move apparent.

There has been no decided feature in the so-called Miscellaneous Market. Coats' shares have, as usual, fluctuated rather sharply; and Guinness's Ordinary have recovered in a measure from the recent slump. No other changes demand attention.

We are glad to see that in one important respect the

London General Omnibus Company is improving its methods of finance. For the past half-year a sum of £10,000 has been written off the so-called "Times" account, which, so far as we can tell, simply represents the artificial value assigned on the balance-sheet to the running of certain lines of 'buses—a matter in which the Company has not very wisely assumed that they had a monopoly. The receipts increased by no less than nearly £60,000 in the past half-year, of which the amount of only £23,186 was absorbed by expenses. A sum of £15,000 has been added to the General Reserve Fund, no less than £13,285 has been carried forward, and yet the dividend and bonus together work out at the rate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, which brings us back to the old palmy days of the Company before the London Road Car began to trouble it.

The real skating "palaces" &c. are proving to be veritable frosts. This week the National Skating Palace, Limited, has passed into the hands of a receiver. There is another undertaking of the same kind, which, we believe, is in some state of existence probably more or less moribund, and attempts have recently been made to raise money on its debentures. We should advise much caution on the part of investors. The success of the Palais de Glace in Paris is not, it would seem, to be repeated in London.

The ways of Colonial Treasurers need watching closely by those who may be favourably disposed to any appeal from the Colonies for new loans. Mr. Ward of New Zealand has recently retired in dire disgrace; Mr. Reid of New South Wales is accused by his opponents of having manufactured his surplus by taking credit for amounts in the Budget which ought not to be there; and a big meeting in Sydney recently declared his financial statement to be false and misleading; and now we have a circumstantial account from the St. John's Correspondent of the "Times," showing how Sir William Whiteway and his colleagues have manipulated the Colony's balance-sheet, so as to produce a wholly fictitious surplus. By not paying debts due, by importing silver coin on which a profit could be made, and by altering dates on which books were made up, the surplus was apparently quadrupled. The problem of the near future in Newfoundland, as the "Times" Correspondent sees, is how a colony of 200,000 people, with a debt of \$17,000,000, is to be financed.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

MORE HOME CORPORATION STOCKS.

Still they come, these Home Corporation stocks, and little Epsom is issuing a 3 per cent. District Commercial loan of £11,500 at par. The Dover Harbour Board—an important institution—also offers £400,000 in 3 per cent. Debenture stock at 103. It is interesting to note that the interest on the latter, and the sinking fund, are guaranteed by the London, Chatham, & Dover Railway Company. In view of the difficulties in regard to capital with which this railway Company has to contend, the shareholders would do well perhaps to scrutinize a little closely this power of guarantee, although it may not involve any serious risk.

THE PRIZE GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

In the prospectus of the Prize Gold Mines, Limited, we are told that the properties belonged to the "Administrator of the late Senator George Hearn of California, who was one of the largest proprietors of the well-known 'Anaconda,' 'Homestake,' and 'Ontario' mines"—all of which is likely enough. We do not know much of the two latter properties, but—it may be an absolute mistake—always believed that a certain Mr. Haggin, who is fairly well known on both sides of the Atlantic, had got a good deal more stock than everybody else put together in the "Anaconda," which is, we need scarcely say, the greatest copper mine in the world. The property which is to be acquired by the "Prize," with a capital of £150,000, seems to be fairly well developed; but the yield of the ore, which is stated this way, \$17.80 per ton, does not pan out so very high, and

we do not think that the expenses can be brought down, as stated, to \$3 per ton inclusive. "Yankees" would not be likely to sell a good thing cheap simply to liquidate an estate.

ISEABROOKE & SONS, LIMITED.

The certificate of Messrs. Mason & Son is good enough for us, and when we see their estimate of £123,859 in assets, exclusive of goodwill, set against £60,000 in the 4 per cent. Debenture stock of a small but old-established English Brewery Company, there is little room for cavilling. Power is reserved to issue a further amount of £40,000, but this will not hurt any one concerned. The price is 102, and the stock looks cheap in these days of minute returns on capital.

JEFFS, WILLIAMS, & CURTIS, LIMITED.

There is very often no advantage in amalgamating a number of industrial concerns, whether of a similar or a diverse character. Frequently not only is it impossible to effect any saving in the expenditure by the act of what appears to be concentration, but an expensive and not very capable board of directors is substituted for those to whom alone the vitality and success—the result of individual work and influence—of the businesses are due. These remarks are suggested to us by the prospectus of Jeffs, Williams, & Curtis, Limited. The businesses it is proposed to continue may be all perfectly good; but it is difficult to see what particular benefit will result from welding them together, and we do not at all like the idea of basing a large capital upon one year's net profits. Nor do we see why one of the directors, Mr. James Brusey, should be dragged into the prospectus simply or mainly, so it would appear, because he is the "fish agent for the Civil Service Supply Association, Limited." We cannot recommend investors to place their capital in the shares of this Company. By the way, the Civil Service Supply Association was formed, so "Burdett" says, to supply members of the Civil Service and their friends with goods at the "lowest possible cost." On the capital—which has, we believe, been enormously watered—between 12 to 13 per cent. is paid, and a reserve fund of nearly £60,000 has been accumulated. All this is a fine business for the shareholders, and the customers apparently are satisfied; but how about the original promise?

THE CONSOLIDATED GOLD TRUST OF LONDON, PARIS, AND BRUSSELS, LIMITED.

This is in some ways a most remarkable undertaking. The capital is fixed at the moderate amount of half a million, to carry on what is, so far as we can see, an ordinary promotion business, connected chiefly with mining enterprises. The "present issue" consists of 300,000 £1 shares, but only 100,000 are offered for subscription, the remainder being held at the disposal of the promoters for two years. We never knew of a more absurd arrangement. Either the Company requires a certain amount of capital or it does not. If it does, then it should be applied for openly and directly, and if it does not, why stick it on the prospectus? An option is an option; that is, it may mean something to the person or persons who have the right of exercising it; but if this is not the case, the other parties stand out in the cold. Besides all this, who is there on the Board entitled to ask for the use of £100,000, to put it at the lowest figure, of the public's money? The Earl of Westmorland has not, so far as we know, distinguished himself in the City or in the conduct of City business; while the other gentlemen who will act as directors—all excellent enough, no doubt—are not particularly well known to the ordinary English investor. No doubt the Company, judging by its Memorandum of Association, can cover an extensive sphere of operations; but this does not exactly place it in a "strong position." It can almost certainly act with the "utmost freedom"; but we fail to see where the "special knowledge" comes in, or what guarantee we have of it being "combined with discretion." To us the whole thing seems to be of the nature of a "blind pool," and therefore to be avoided.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BEETROOT AND BOUNTIES.

LIVERPOOL, 20 August, 1896.

SIR,—The necessity of selection is constantly in the mind of the agriculturist, and, whether in the way of improving the breed of his cattle or increasing the productiveness of the soil, he has ever before him the necessity of rejecting the weak and choosing the strong.

A singular anomaly exists in the manner in which beetroot is gradually displacing cane in the production of sugar. For, though cane is enormously more productive than beet, we are met with the strange fact that sugar-cane estates are one by one being abandoned, while the acreage of beetroot is steadily increasing. I am quite well aware that this statement may be questioned, and figures produced to show that the average yield of sugar from cane is not greater than that from beet. But the circumstances which have fostered the cultivation of beet, and at the same time blighted the cultivation of cane, must be fairly considered when doubt is thrown upon this statement. An internal duty in the various countries in which beet is grown has secured the cultivator and fabricant against any loss from cane-sugar competition: and export bounties of an uncertain amount, but always sufficient to deprive the cane-sugar grower of a fair profit without any hope of a just restoration of the balance, have so filled the producer of cane-sugar with a sense of injustice and uncertainty that he has not had the heart to pursue the best means for increased yields. In the early days of beet-growing the quantity of sugar in the roots was about 7 per cent. By care the yield was increased to 9 per cent.; and, as this was considered to be nearly as much as the roots were likely to yield, the duty in Germany was levied upon the roots, based upon the assumption that they contained 9 per cent. of sugar. But by selection and care after that stage the percentage of sugar was increased to 10, 12, 14, and even 16 per cent. Now, as a drawback was obtainable upon all above 9 per cent., it is easily seen how great was the incentive to improve the yield. Had sugar-cane been cultivated under such favourable conditions, and with such prospective gain, there is no telling what yield per acre might have been reached. Even under the adverse circumstances in which cane has been grown, the yield of sugar per acre is frequently three tons. I have before me now the figures of an estate in the West Indies. Part of this estate yielded as much as 73 cwt. per acre, and the average yield was 47½ cwt. Under no conditions, however favourable, can the yield of sugar from beetroot much exceed 35 cwt. per acre; and yet, in spite of the poorer yield, we are threatened with the extinction of sugar-cane growing in our Colonies—a fate contrary to the natural law, that the strong should be displaced by the weak. It is true that the protective tariffs on the Continent will always make the cultivation of beet a necessity there; but with the object of reaping the benefit of the bounty the surplus is dumped into this country. The drawbacks formerly given are now converted in Germany to a direct payment of 25s. per ton upon raw beetroot sugar and 36s. 8d. per ton upon refined; and this may be taken as a type of the bounties, though more will follow if that is not enough. In this manner our colonists have to meet competition which a bounty of 25s. per ton upon raw sugar enables the beet-sugar fabricant to deal with; and, further, having induced our refiners in this country to buy raw sugar, they are immediately met by as much of 11s. 8d. per ton more as necessary to destroy our sugar-refining industry. It may be imagined that the buyer in this country gets all of the bounty. Human nature, in respect to money at least, is pretty much the same all the world over, and the buyer here will only get as much of that bounty as will enable the seller abroad to cut his competitor out. Whenever any talk of rectifying a manifest injustice arises, a howl is made for the jam-maker and confectioner, it being forgotten that they grow fruit on the Continent too, and that much of our British-made jam is made from Continental-grown fruit. Now it might occur to the bounty-giving Governments that

fruit in the form of jam is as easily exported as fruit in its raw state—that the manufacture of jams and confections might give employment to many of the people, and that the makers there would be entitled at least to a drawback upon the sugar so used, if not more, and so it might come to pass that our jams and confections would also be exported from the Continent to us. So much for the injustice of our initial wrong, but how about the distribution of the bounty? Your political economist tells you that the country gets the benefit of it. In what way? Certainly not one farthing more than the recipient of the bounty can help. But even if the country does get the benefit of it, how is it divided? I may be a sugar-grower resident in this country, or some one dependent upon sugar-growing, with all the multifarious wants of a sugar estate, or I may be a refiner, or some one dependent upon the refining industry, with its manifold requirements. Because of the bounties upon the Continent my trade is extinguished. Now, tell me where my share of the bounty comes in? Why should others be benefited, if benefits are going, to my exclusion? Of course you will answer that I get my sugar cheaper; but of what avail is this to me if I am robbed of the wherewithal to buy it? No, if there is a benefit going, I claim my fair share of it. If the country is benefited by the bounty, let all of the country share it justly. I have to pay taxes; let my taxes be remitted to the extent of the so-called benefit. Let the bounty go into the general coffer of the country, and let us share the spoil justly. Do not rob me of my business and then tax me. If the national expenditure is nearly 100 millions, let it be reduced by using the bounty for the purpose. Then will I know that I am sharing in the spoil, as I am fairly entitled to. Besides, if the bounty given by the foreigner passed through the national purse, we would be sure of getting all of it for the good of the nation, whereas now we only get as much, or rather as little, of it as the recipient of the bounty is compelled to part with, to enable him to meet the market; the balance, as any sensible person would do, he puts in his pocket.

Basing a calculation upon the bounties given by Germany, the income to the national exchequer from this source would be as follows:—

	cwt.	£
Refined sugar imported,	14,145,143 at 1s. 10d....	1,296,638
(with bounty)		
Raw sugar imported,	9,153,956 at 1s. 3d....	572,122
(with bounty)		
		£1,868,760

Quite a respectable sum for a sufferer, such as I may be, to expect some share of.

I have no fault to find with the bounty. If the foreigner is so generous as to make us so substantial a gift as the above, we would be foolish to decline it; but I have a fault, and a just fault, to find with its mode of distribution. The only method by which it can be fairly distributed is by passing it through the national purse for the remission of taxes, and this can only be done by imposing a duty, exactly equivalent to the bounty, upon the imported bounty-fed sugar.—Yours, &c.

CARBON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LIVERPOOL, 18 August, 1896.

SIR,—I have read with much interest your special article on the above subject, and, while agreeing generally with the views of the writer, I differ on some minor points; for instance, the conclusion he arrives at that "in the proposal for a Customs Union lies the readiest means of introducing the countervailing duty." No doubt from every point of view this would be the most satisfactory means, but I very much doubt it being the readiest. It seems to me that the readiest means is the ratification of the Convention of 30 August, 1888, signed and sealed by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, and Russia, and the ratifications fixed for 1 August, 1890. France, while adhering in principle to the Convention, delayed its definitive adhesion, but there is every reason to believe that France would now assist to the utmost of her power in bringing about the suppression of the sugar bounties, as her industry

has been much crippled by the action of Germany and Austria in the war of tariffs, and is in anything but a flourishing condition. There would also be no difficulty, I think, in getting the United States to join, as they have already adopted, roughly, the principle and practice of a countervailing duty.

If our Government had the assurance that the sugar Powers would now ratify the Convention—an assurance which they might obtain through the Ambassadors—the diplomatic difficulties could soon be cleared out of the way, and with their present majority it would be a lasting disgrace to the Government if they failed to carry through the Bill which was introduced on their behalf by Baron H. de Worms (Lord Pirbright), but which, on account of the numerical weakness of their supporters, they wisely did not hazard bringing to its second reading.

I think we may say that the cane-sugar producers, the loaf-sugar refiners, and the moist-sugar refiners have suffered in about equal proportions, and that there is not much to choose between them; but there is a greater industry than all these put together—viz. the agricultural interest, whose condition is allowed to be most deplorable, which would be immeasurably benefited by the suppression of the sugar bounty system.

It has been proved to demonstration that, in both climate and soil, the United Kingdom is as suitable for the cultivation of the sugar beet as the Continent. I trust, Sir, that this important aspect of the question will be put forward more prominently, and be given the weight and consideration which it so eminently deserves.—I am, Sir, &c.

THOS. O. EASTON,
Vice-Chairman British and Colonial
Anti-Bounty Association.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

BILLITER HOUSE, LONDON, 19 August, 1896

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the excellent article on beetroot and bounties which appears in your current issue may do something to arouse our Government and legislators out of the paralysis which seems to have overtaken them in regard to attacks upon British industries.

Foreign sugar bounties in themselves and in their results are admitted to be an outrage on Free-trade. Their mischievous effects are generally recognized; conferences and conventions without end have taken place with the object of bringing about the abolition of bounties. These proceedings have, no doubt, been a source of amusement to foreign Governments, and, to our own discredit, we still find Germany, Austria, and France interfering with and seriously crippling a legitimate industry in our Colonies, an industry for which some of those Colonies are especially adapted, and depriving them of their trade with the Mother-country; and we know that a large and growing home industry—that of sugar-refining for our own home consumption—has been legislated almost out of existence by these same foreign countries. It is bad enough to allow our colonial trade with the Mother-country to be at the mercy of foreign legislation; but is it not a climax of folly to permit foreign Governments to take away from us a home industry by means at once economically unsound and industrially unfair, an industry with which they cannot compete on equal terms? However unjust and scandalous this may be, we quietly submit. And yet no sensible man would say that this policy of leaving our home and colonial industries at the mercy of foreign legislation is not absolutely unsound and unworthy of even a third-rate European Power.

But where is Mr. Chamberlain's interest in the Colonies? Where is the public spirit of statesmen who admit that the whole thing is wrong, but who do not move a little finger to get it put right, shielding themselves behind a supposed policy of a House of Commons which has never been permitted to have a chance of expressing an opinion upon the matter? It is hoped that next Session the question may be squarely brought forward and thoroughly discussed.—Your obedient servant,

N. LUBBOCK,
Chairman of the West India Committee.

A LINGUA FRANCA FOR THE FAR EAST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 17 August, 1896.

SIR,—Among other steps designed to consolidate the position of France in the East, the Government appropriated, lately, 35,000 francs for schools—a sum which would, we were told, swell the credit allowed for the propaganda of French ideas through clerical channels to about £28,000. The vote was not enormous, and the fact of its having been opposed, on anti-clerical grounds, may not directly affect the balance of power. But the fact of its having been put forward at all may suggest certain considerations not devoid of interest. Consciously or unconsciously, the motive probably was to challenge, in one more respect, the preponderance of England; for, not content with grabbing territory and commerce, we seem in a fair way to establish our tongue. Li Hung-chang hit off the situation exactly when he said to a representative of the "Figaro": "English is the only European language known among us, on account of the great commercial relations between England and China. There should be the same business relations with France; then we should be more conversant with your language, which is easier for us to learn." Li's capacity for pithy sayings is noted, and the pregnant truth of this one may have suggested the futility of trying to stop an economic movement with £1,800. One can conceive, however, that the thing is irritating; for, with an obtrusiveness characteristic of its origin, English has come to be used by the *doyen* of the Diplomatic Corps at Imperial audiences; and M. Gérard is said to have invented quite a diplomatic incident, lately, by claiming that the Emperor's reply should be translated preferably into French!

Still the perfidious language makes way, and that at a rate which threatens to make it shortly the *lingua franca* of the East. All present on the various occasions when Li Hung-chang has appeared in public have been struck by the admirable command of it shown by his interpreter, Mr. Lo Feng-luh. That, it may be said, proves nothing: such a one was required to meet the occasion, and the emergency usually provides the man! But it would be a mistake to suppose that Mr. Lo is solitary, or even a *rara avis*. He is one of a large and increasing flock: of the cream of the flock, no doubt, but a superior product merely of a movement that has endless ramifications and ripples. Every traveller in the Far East remarks the "pidgin" (business) English spoken by the all-pervading Chinese. That has, commonly, been "picked up," as the bulk of English people in India pick up Hindostanee. A certain suspicion, indeed, attaches to a servant who speaks English too well. He may be a Christian, and such exotic righteousness is viewed with distrust. The time is at hand, however, if it has not already come, when that surmise will probably be unjust; for schools for teaching English seem to be arising in profusion. To say nothing of India, English is, of course, taught and spoken in the Straits Settlements and Hongkong. It has long been a feature of education in Japan: it seems in a fair way to become so in China. One of the effects of the treaty imposed on China by Japan is the opening of the historic cities of Hangchow and Soochow to foreign residence and trade. An immediate consequence has been the establishment at the former of a college where the sole foreign language to be taught is English. Without striking quite so high a note, the citizens of Soochow are said to be equally anxious that their sons should acquire the business tongue, and schools to supply the want are cropping up. Testimony to the same effect comes from other quarters. Missionary and other travellers in the interior encounter surprising educational effects. The teachers may often be incompetent, and unaided efforts painful to contemplate—one man had been struggling for years to teach himself English out of a dictionary—but they are evidences of that ascendancy which vexes M. Gérard. There is at Shanghai a Chinese Society of Science, Art, and Literature. The members had a social dinner last month, at which toasts, music, and addresses seem to have been pleasantly intermingled—and in the course of which Mr. Ng Hing-shang proposed "The English

Language," which 111 millions of people are, he said, speaking to-day, against 25,000,000 a quarter of a century ago. His figures I am unable to criticize. The significance lies in the toast; and when we learn, by the same mail, that an English-speaking mandarin has been appointed by the Viceroy of Nanking to be Inspector-General of Yangtze fortifications in his division, and another to be Assistant-Commissioner of a brigade which is being drilled there by German instructors, we may perceive that the aspiration is not an empty breath. At the Queen's College in Hongkong, it has been determined to carry the movement higher still. The teaching of Chinese is to be abolished there, apparently, altogether, and a specified time allotted in the curriculum for the exclusive teaching of English, which has hitherto been picked up by the pupils at random.

Other illustrations might be quoted. What has been said may, however, convey an impression that the yeast is beginning to ferment. An incident which occurred at a recent literary examination in Shantung may suggest that it is working in other ways. The Literary Chancellor set three questions that fell like bombs among the "sprouting talents" of antique type. One was geographical—on Russia; another mathematical—a conic section; the third naval—on coast defence. As it was impossible to reply on Confucian lines, the idea may have suggested itself to the neophytes that other lines might be usefully pursued.—Yours truly,

TZELING.

THE "C.T.C."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE BANK HOUSE, 40 GREENGATE, STAFFORD.

15 August, 1896.

SIR,—Your correspondent who signs himself "Member of the C.T.C." but says that the annual subscription is five shillings (whereas it is three shillings and sixpence), and that the Club has "become an institution" (whatever that may mean), has evidently very little acquaintance either with the Club's past achievements or its present usefulness. If he has complaints to make, surely the Monthly Gazette of the Club, where reasonable correspondence is never rejected, would be the appropriate channel for their expression. There they would be sure to come under the notice of the "very large list of members," the vast majority of whom, unlike your correspondent, carefully read and highly value that publication, regarding it alone, without reckoning many other benefits, as an ample return for their subscription.

If your correspondent be indeed a member of the Club, a statement which may be as inaccurate as the rest of his letter, I should say that in attacking the institution through a public journal he is acting in a manner discourteous alike to the Club and his fellow-members.—I enclose my card, and am, yours faithfully,

ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE C.T.C.

INCOME-TAX ON MARRIED PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S, 3 August, 1896.

SIR,—The columns of the "Saturday Review" may, I hope, expose the following anomaly—a breach, I believe, of the Married Women's Property Act—and lead to good.

A has an income of £360—as a clergyman or officer; he receives annually a refund on £160, as the income is under £400. He marries B, who has £149 annually from dividend. B before marriage recovered income-tax on the £149. Somerset House, however, in the absence of any legal decision, assesses the joint income as one, and no refund is given, because the joint incomes exceed £500 annually. If for the "£500" Somerset House would read "£700," justice would be done. I am also assured that if B earned her £149 "as a lady clerk," she could recover, though married. Also, that if A and B quarrelled, or obtained a judicial separation, Somerset House would treat the incomes as one. Also if A and B lived together ignoring the marriage tie, the incomes are treated as separate, and a premium put on immorality. In Switzerland, income-tax is on a *sliding scale*. The system works well.—Your obedient servant,

X.

REVIEWS.

THE SNARE OF SUCCESS.

"The Sowers." By Henry Seton Merriman. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1896.

"Flotsam: the Study of a Life." By Henry Seton Merriman. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.

WHAT is called Success comes in many guises to novelists. Sometimes it greets the new writer upon the very threshold of the world of ink and types; again it hides its face for years, and reveals itself only when the tired aspirant, abandoning hope, has taken to violent and reckless courses. Occasionally, Success wears a golden robe, and brings rich presents; more often it is wrapped in illusions, and bestows only florid compliments and shadowy promises. But the visit never leaves the writer as it found him, and it is very rarely indeed that the change is to his true advantage.

Mr. Merriman illustrates in his own case several interesting phases of the subject. He began with a genuine talent for story-telling—a more important qualification in a novelist than is generally imagined. He wrote a number of tales which were distinctly worth reading. It would be begging the question to suggest that this was the reason why they were not read. It is not so true as is supposed that books are neglected because of their merits. The failure of Mr. Merriman's earlier books to command a wide attention lay in their lack of what may be described as sentimentality. They were too coldly clever to win the pit and gallery, and they had not enough literary pretence to attract the stalls. The best of them, "With Edged Tools," is a more interesting story, and a better piece of craftsmanship, than any one of a half-dozen novels which overshadowed it in the popular mind in the year of its production. There is not a hint of greatness in it, to be sure; but it is also true that there is no straining after a cheap semblance of greatness. The author is seen throughout to be concerned solely with the telling of his story. He is so intent on this that he has no time for resting-places, and no space for fine writing. A lesser man, pursuing another method, might have made of "With Edged Tools" a popular success out-running that which Rider Haggard was enjoying at about the same time. But Mr. Merriman merely made a very readable book, which was too dryly terse and compact for the big public, and too self-respectingly free from bathos and amorous blubber for the small public, and so fell between the two stools.

Having written enough books of the sort which deserved to sell and did not, Mr. Merriman now turned round and produced "The Sowers." How much premeditation there was in the act it is not for us to judge. The book reads like a deliberate attempt to write down to some imperfectly comprehended level of commonness and intellectual torpor, the character of which the author has continually to guess at. He produces the effect of fearing all the while that he is not being sufficiently elementary for his audience. Hundreds of little Tupperian tags, like "Men are not, be it understood, on their best behaviour at their club," or "Frenchmen, by the way, do not admit that one may be too middle-aged, or too stout, for love," or "A learned woman is not of much account in the world," are scattered through the book, to help forward the slow, poor mind which the author seems to imagine himself addressing.

If Mr. Merriman had gone no further than this in his appeal to the crowd, it is quite likely that the result of his labours would have escaped general notice. If he had given the lifeless dummies in his pages English names, and made them play their absurd parts in an English story, the book would have fared no better than its predecessors, and might easily have done worse. But he had the inspiration to lay his scene in Russia. Some of the world's greatest fiction has proceeded from Russia; it is hard to find words for the badness of the bulk of the fiction which is written about Russia, and accepted by our novel-devouring

public as worth reading. In the case of "The Sowers," for instance, any Russian who read it would be aghast at the statement that it had been widely received in England as a moving and instructive study of social and political conditions in any part of his native land. It is hard to make sure, from the book, whether Mr. Merriman has ever been inside Russia. The incidental mentions of St. Petersburg hint here and there at personal observation, but they might as readily be the fruit of a little painstaking study of the guide-books. Everything else about Russia which is not conventional commonplace is flat nonsense. The "castle," the village, the peasants, the conceptions of the social structure and of the relations of its parts to one another, these are all incredibly ridiculous. One looks in vain, from cover to cover, for a single conversation, a solitary incident, which betray the slightest knowledge of wherein the Russians differ from other people. The author proceeds in calm confidence that anything can happen in Russia, including a total suspension of the laws which elsewhere govern human thought and action. The story itself is melodrama of the stupider sort, with a dull and gigantic good young Prince, a polished and inveterate villain named Baron Claude de Chauville, who is of course attached to French embassies in general, a bad but very beautiful woman, and an omnipotent, ubiquitous, and omniscient creature called Karl Steinmetz, who is said to be the Prince's estate agent, but who wanders about Europe in the most irresponsible way, foiling all the desperate plots of the wicked people, and making heavy German jokes. These people are the most wooden of marionettes, but they are jerked about with great vigour, and it is not to be denied that the reader, once he is fairly committed to the task, follows their complicated evolutions with a certain interest. A great deal of space is given to vague talk about a humanitarian scheme in which the Prince and his wonderful agent are supposed to be involved, and although it is pointless to a degree, and bears no more relation to actual Russian problems than it does to cuneiform inscriptions, it has doubtless encouraged many worthy British people in the belief that they were forwarding the cause of progress in darkened Russia by merely reading "The Sowers."

The second book of Mr. Merriman's later method, "Flotsam," will be chiefly remembered in the book-selling trade as having been the incidental cause of a change in the wholesale price of six-shilling novels. It is difficult to believe that the book-reading public will remember it at all. The scene is laid, for the most part, between Calcutta and Delhi at the time of the Mutiny. Mr. Merriman has got up his India, perhaps, with a trifle more care than he bestowed on Russia; but, on the other hand, his tale is one which no one will thank him for telling. Apparently there was a definite impression of "Barry Lyndon" in his mind at the outset, but the mindless bully, gambler, and black-guard in whom he strives to interest us never evokes a sympathetic thought at any point, and after a little becomes merely a wearisome nuisance. It is legitimate to suspect, too, that the author had reflected upon the attractions of Becky Sharp before he essayed to make Maria Lamond live in his book, but the failure here is scarcely less conspicuous. The only other figure upon which attention is lavished, that of Philip Lamond, seems to have been, in the original conception, worth a good deal more than either of the adaptations from Thackeray's rogues' gallery, but in the book he soon ceases to convince any one. These three rascals have four-fifths of the book to themselves. They have no humour, no brightness of thought, no saving grace of any description. The squalid meanness of their companionship annoys and affronts the reader; when he turns to the other people in the book, they are too unreal and shadowy to afford him relief. The chapters devoted to the siege of Delhi will please only those who have never read at first hand any of the dozen good books about the Mutiny. In short, "Flotsam" is as much beneath "The Sowers" in point of merit, considered as either a piece of workmanship or a readable tale, as "The Sowers" is below the best of the books Mr. Merriman wrote when he thought of writing as a thing apart from selling.

EARL SELBORNE.

"Memorials. Part I. Family and Personal, 1766-1865. By Roundell Palmer, Earl of Selborne." London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

LADY SOPHIA PALMER tells us in her preface to these volumes that "there is much of so intimate and personal a nature that it would not have been given to the world, but for loyalty to his" (i.e. her father's) "known intention and desire in regard to these Memorials." Filial piety is an unanswerable apology for any want of taste and discretion in publishing papers which should have been confined to a family circulation. The shafts of our criticism are therefore not directed at the daughter, who has merely done her duty, but at the father, upon whom the sole responsibility lies. It is very characteristic of the late Lord Selborne that he should have occupied his closing years in preparing for the public eye papers and correspondence much of which, had he been less innocent, he would have perceived to possess not the faintest interest for any one outside his own family. His lordship's idea is naively expressed in his dedicatory notice:—"In this volume, besides my own history from my birth till my father's death, I have had in view the preservation of the knowledge and memory of those dear relations and friends, to whom (under God) I owe everything. Some of them, if their lives were quiet and unambitious, and to the world in general unknown, were in wisdom and virtue among the excellent of the earth." That is the keynote of Lord Selborne's character and these Memorials. Every one related to him, or brought within the privileged circle of Palmers, every one upon whom he bestowed his friendship, was "among the excellent of the earth." We do not mean to say that personal and family chronicles of the most domestic character are not sometimes interesting. But then the members of the family must be distinguished, or the chronicler must be a wit or a thinker, must in short have some charm of his own. Two such books have lately been reviewed in these columns, the "Paget Papers" and Locker-Lampson's "Confidences." But all the Pagets were distinguished in the public service, and lived, if not with "the excellent," at any rate with the great, while Mr. Locker-Lampson was one of the most delightful of worldly philosophers.

The Palmers were a serious, commonplace, well-to-do family of the upper middle-class, painfully correct, and by consequence desperately uninteresting. If only one of the boys had been ploughed in an examination, or got a little into debt, it would have been an unspeakable relief. But all the brothers were pigs, and all the aunts and sisters were patterns of parsonic woman-kind. Roundell Palmer was a great lawyer, and what he tells us about his own craft, to which we shall recur below, is interesting, for it is an incurable delusion that a successful man can or will communicate his secret to the world. But we really cannot pretend to feel the smallest curiosity about Uncle Thomas or Uncle Horsley. But stop: we are forgetting; there was a rake in the family—"my brother William." But William Palmer was a religious rake, and we toiled wearily after this young man in his theological vagaries, as he tried to get into the Russian Church, and then into the Greek Church, and then into the Scotch Episcopalian Church, and finally, to our great comfort, succeeded in getting into the Church of Rome. Seriously, the career of William Palmer, which occupies a good deal of these two volumes, is a melancholy example of the danger of a narrow education and an exclusive study of theology.

There is another figure in these pages which Lord Selborne persistently holds up to our admiration, but which, we are sorry to say, utterly fails to attract us. The Rev. William Palmer was a country clergyman, who seems to have inherited from his commercial forebears a certain shrewdness, what is sometimes called an eye to the main chance, which he transmitted to his celebrated son together with a copious religious phraseology. The combination, we know, hardly ever fails of success in English public life, but it is not much to our taste. We will give an instance of what we mean. Young Roundell Palmer, after going into chambers at Lincoln's Inn, strayed for a year or two (it was his only divagation) into the path of journal-

ism. He became a leader-writer for the "Times" "I then acquired," writes Lord Selborne, "some experience of the practice, not without moral danger, of writing, hastily, smartly, and perhaps censoriously, about matters of which I had no adequate knowledge." But the elder Palmer perceived more quickly than his son that the commercial danger of this practice was even greater than the moral. The father called one day at chambers, and to his horror found that Roundell was not there, but that Mr. Freshfield, the solicitor, was. Seriously alarmed, he wrote to the truant leader-writer: "After all, I would have you even consider, whether (all things considered) it would not be more prudent to give up altogether an engagement, so fascinating and intrusive, with so many plausible reasons to recommend it, and withal so lucrative; but which may in the end involve you in politics before the time, and in such a way as to make you less able to render service to the cause of good government, virtue, and religion hereafter, should it please God ever to require your services as a public man in the regular way of your calling; which alone, I think, we should consider *His*." A few years later Roundell Palmer was offered the post of Advocate-General of Bengal, and he again sought his father's advice, which was for refusal. "Public affairs in these days," writes Mr. Palmer senior, "appear to be almost necessarily conducted on such principles that no honestly religious man would desire to have anything to do with them. Nevertheless, we are all (in a manner) in this country public men, and as such have duties to perform which we ought not to decline. And (though I should be afraid to seek it), provided one could keep his integrity, I think no one who is conscious of power should decline to use it for good when opportunity offers. Such things, of all others, should be left to the Providence of God; but none, I think, whose mind is fixed on a future state will desire for himself advancement in this." The elder Palmer's advice to break with the "Times," and to decline an Indian appointment, was very sound; but we wish that it had been conveyed in a less sanctimonious fashion, especially as its recipient entered Parliament at an unusually early stage of his career, took the biggest fees on record at the Bar, and filled successively the highest legal offices.

Roundell Palmer himself is interesting, as we have said, when he talks about his own trade, his start at the Bar, his brethren of the long robe, and the judges on the bench. The rapidity of Roundell Palmer's rise at the Chancery Bar must seem almost miraculous to those who do not know the profession, and who are not aware that in all these cases some family interest or connexion is the simple explanation. Palmer was called in 1837; in 1839 he was briefed by the great firm of Freshfields, and made a hit in a legal argument before Baron Alderson. In 1847 he was returned to Parliament in the Conservative interest, and in 1849 he took silk. Few barristers of twelve years' standing write Q.C., M.P., after their names; fewer still acquire a leading practice in Chancery. But there was no miracle. Roundell Palmer got at once that start at the Bar which some men never get, which others get only when the spring of their faculties and ambition is gone, owing to family interest. What a young barrister wants in order to ensure success is the steady support of a big firm of solicitors. The great Messrs. Freshfields were then, as now, solicitors to the Bank of England, and Mr. Horsley Palmer was first a director and then governor of that institution. "My uncle Horsley," says Lord Selborne, "whose position in the City and in the Bank made his recommendation influential, had (I have no doubt) spoken a word in my favour." We should think he had, and we should think his recommendation was distinctly influential. Fancy the solicitors to the Bank of England overlooking the Governor's nephew! Lord Selborne's appreciations of his legal contemporaries, at the Bar and on the Bench, are well worth reading, for they are just, and sometimes vivid, particularly his description of the indolent Lord Lyndhurst, "affirming almost indiscriminately the judgments brought before him on appeal." We must do Lord Selborne the justice to say that his criticism of statesmen is charitable, and sometimes generous, particularly in the case of Lord Westbury—the one man of all

others whom on religious grounds we should have imagined him to dislike. There is an admirable appreciation of Lord Westbury, too long to quote, at the end of these Memorials, which is well worth reading.

About the middle of the second volume, when Lord Selborne has got rid of his relations, these papers become interesting as the reminiscences of a man who played a prominent part in affairs for half a century. If we are compelled to devote a very little space to the most valuable part of the Memorials, the fault is not ours but Lord Selborne's, who has decided the disproportion. Roundell Palmer was always a lawyer in politics, and he had none of the arts and graces which tell in the House of Commons or on the platform. He had, we are told, a "thin, bloodless face, voice slightly disfigured with a lisp and continually rising into an unpleasant falsetto, limited and angular action, and severe simplicity of style." Those who heard Lord Selborne's speeches on Home Rule in the House of Lords will recognize the truth of the description. He came in for Plymouth as a Conservative, and became, of course, a Peelite; for moral superiority was the badge of all the Peelites. The ten years between 1847 and 1857, during which the Peelites were hovering between the two parties, must have been a time of peculiar anxiety to a cautious and rising barrister. Roundell Palmer could not make up his mind to follow Mr. Gladstone: "It is a great question with me personally whether not to commit myself to him for better or worse." Disraeli he hated as an adventurer, and, on the whole, he leaned towards Lord Palmerston as the most Conservative statesman of the day. But, with a disinterestedness which is much to his credit, he voted for Mr. Cobden and against Lord Palmerston in 1857 on the Chinese war. This cost him his seat at Plymouth, and he was out of Parliament for four years. In 1861 Lord Campbell, who had pushed Lord Cranworth off and himself on to the Woolsack, on the formation of Lord Palmerston's last Administration in 1859, died suddenly. Bethell became Lord Chancellor Westbury, Sir William Atherton Attorney-General, and Lord Palmerston sent for Roundell Palmer. The conversation lasted five minutes. Palmer stipulated for freedom on the subjects of Church-rates and the deceased wife's sister, a concession which Lord Palmerston readily made to his Solicitor-General. From 1861 to 1866, first as Solicitor-, then as Attorney-General (Atherton died in 1862, and Collier became Solicitor-General), Sir Roundell Palmer had to advise Lord Palmerston's Government on the very difficult points of international law which arose between this country and the United States over the building at Liverpool of the "Florida," the "Alabama," and the "Alexandra." This part of the Memorials is of exceptional value and interest, not only because several points of international law are very lucidly expounded by Lord Selborne, but because it was owing to the difficulties of applying the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819 to cases like that of the "Alabama" that the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870, under which Dr. Jameson was tried, came to be passed. International law brought Sir Roundell Palmer the acquaintance of William Vernon Harcourt, "a man of great abilities, and not less ambition." Lord Selborne tells us that he obtained for him from Lord Cranworth, in 1866, the rank of Queen's Counsel, "on the strength of his attainments as an international jurist, though he had no business at the Bar, and was only of twelve years' standing; and I was in part responsible seven years later for his appointment as Solicitor-General." This is not quite fair to Sir William Harcourt, who, though he never practised at Nisi Prius or in Chancery, had for nearly ten years a leading and lucrative practice at the Parliamentary Bar. "There were always those tendencies in his character," Lord Selborne adds, "which made him what he now is, the most thoroughgoing of partisans. But his natural disposition was generous and his domestic affections strong and tender."

The Memorials close with the death of Lord Palmerston, whose character is shrewdly but fairly summed up. We hope the next instalment of these Selborne papers will be as good reading as the last half of the second volume. And we trust that somebody will tell Lady

Sophia Palmer that it is not necessary to append footnotes to inform us that τὸ καλόν means "the beautiful"; that *cui bono?* means "for what good end?" (which, by the way, is not a quite accurate translation) or that *solvantur risu tabulae* should be interpreted "the case was broken off with a laugh."

BILLIARDS.

"Billiards." By Major W. Broadfoot, R.E. With Contributions by various Writers. "The Badminton Library." London: Longmans & Co. 1896.

THE Badminton volume on Billiards is all that such a book can be; it is as much as we could have hoped, and more than we might have expected. But we are bound to add that it is discouraging, and it raises the disheartening question whether the game is to be regarded as a pastime or a pursuit. Even to enable a professional to climb towards the top of the tree demands a rare combination of qualities, and the amateur who aspires to rival him may well be reduced to despair. He should begin young and practise indefatigably. He must have nerve, audacity tempered by forethought, a mathematical brain, a delicate instinct for strength of stroke, the power of prompt decision, with an almost unconscious inspiration for calculating chances. In short, he should be a consummate strategist and born tactician, with a mastery of his drill in the most minute details. Yet patience and practice will, nevertheless, go for little unless he be born with a veritable genius for the game. Thackeray, in describing the play of Rawdon Crawley, idealizes a phenomenal master of the art. But Thackeray as a romancer could take liberties with actualities, and Major Broadfoot indicates indirectly that such a brilliant and resourceful game as the Colonel's was not to be acquired with his restricted opportunities. It is true that the science has made marvellous progress since his time. Rawdon made his hazards and cannons on wooden tables with list cushions and yawing pockets; he had considerably more elbow-room when spotting his ball in baulk and the red was far removed from the upper cushion. Naturally, he had never dreamed of the spot-stroke, which is a comparatively recent discovery; and the fabulous breaks of the latter-day matches would have seemed to him the most fantastic of incredible visions.

For popular reading, by far the most attractive of the chapters is "The History of Billiards," in which with quite exceptional knowledge the writer passes in review all the most accomplished and illustrious performers. There is no little dramatic excitement in the stories of some of the close contests for the championship, played not only for fame and serious stakes, but for a reputation which meant a handsome income. The most notable was that when the elder Roberts came to Brighton from the North to dispute the ascendancy of the illustrious Jonathan. We said the book is somewhat discouraging, and we are told that Roberts, who was exceptionally precocious, "had a cue in his hand, long before he was able to reach the table properly, as *is bound to be the case with all really great players.*" Roberts did not invent the spot-stroke, for Kentfield (Jonathan) and others were acquainted with it, and indeed Kentfield, considering it barely fair, had reduced the size of the pockets to baffle it. As he lived by his tables, as Mr. Dixon remarks, we can only admire his artistic enthusiasm. But it was Roberts who fully realized how the stroke might be turned to account. "For six months he devoted himself to it almost entirely and spent hundreds of hours at the top of the table." That is but another illustration of the paradoxical truth that genius is the faculty of taking exceptional pains. Roberts reaped a rich reward for his labours, yet he could scarcely have foreseen any such portentous break as that of Peall, when he ran up to 3,304 with one rush among others of 400 spot-strokes. Unquestionably the monotony of the spot-stroke, however adroitly it may be managed, makes a match comparatively tame. Mr. Dixon disapproves of barring any fair stroke; but he suggests that pockets and "table arrangements" should be altered so as to render the spot game far more difficult.

It is needless to say that the performances of Roberts and Peall would be impossible had not tables and tools been apparently brought near to perfection. There is an excellent practical chapter on tables, cloths, cues, rests, &c., with instructions as to planning, lighting, and ventilating the rooms. Useful, and by no means unnecessary, hints are given as to the propriety of observing strict etiquette in private rooms as well as in great public matches. Nothing is easier than to put the coolest player off his game at the critical moment, and many a match or bet has been lost or won by a lucifer struck out of season, intentionally or otherwise. Coming thoughtlessly in "on the stroke" is a common nuisance. Mr. Boyd suggests having a door that will open silently, with a screen with peepholes by way of outwork inside.

The minute instructions in the way of theory leave nothing to desire, and these, with the scientific principles of the game, are lavishly illustrated by excellent diagrams. There book teaching comes usefully in, for it must be your own fault if you do not apprehend generally the reasons for the application of side and twist, and the novice is fortunate when the volume falls into his hands before he has acquired a vicious style. Not so much that he can form his style from the pages, but because he is warned emphatically of the difficulty of breaking with bad habits. He is told, indeed, that when he is striving conscientiously to eradicate them his game is pretty sure to deteriorate. Yet something as to the formation of a style he may learn—as to his position, for example, with regard to the balls, the free and easy grasp of the cue, the method of forming the bridge, and sharp decision as to the stroke, even when the strength is of the gentlest. Then habitual forethought is inculcated; accomplishment of the immediate object is of course to be considered first, but the player must always have in mind the position of the balls after the stroke. There, and even before experience, the quality of prompt decision comes in; for there are probably two or three alternative courses, each of them more or less inviting. The grand essential in devising the scheme of play is that there should be nothing hard and fast. The Napoleon of the billiard table follows rule or sets it at defiance according to the promptings of a heaven-born genius, and so intelligent mediocrity should train itself to weigh the chances. The diagrams in the volume are necessarily dry, like the demonstrations on a professor's board of propositions in Euclid. But, *en revanche*, nothing can be more charming than the full-paged illustrations, and many of these are photographs. For the students are bright girls in evening dress, and although the moustached professors have stripped off their coats, otherwise their get-up is irreproachable.

ABOUT NORWAY.

"In the Northman's Land: Travel, Sport, and Folklore in the Hardanger Fjord and Fjeld." By Major Mockler-Ferryman. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1896.

"New Ground in Norway: Ringerike—Telemarken—Saetersdalen." By J. E. Goodman. With Illustrations from original Photographs by Paul Lange. George Newnes. 1896.

MAJOR MOCKLER-FERRYMAN'S advice to tourists in Norway is not to hurry, and he enforced precept by example. He doesn't hurry. He lingers lovingly about the Hardanger Fjord, and has written what is practically an exhaustive guide to a singularly picturesque district. But his is much more than a mere handbook for the sportsman or flying tourist. Major Ferryman is an industrious collector of legend, tradition, and folklore: so much so, that we are inclined to suspect imagination has supplemented authentic communications by the natives. Be that as it may, the local colouring is always vividly realistic, and, following the author in simple faith, there are few localities to which he does not lend the charm of some impressive association. But we may remember that their scenery and the conditions of their existence have made the Norwegians a reflective and superstitious race. Even in the settlements which fringe the winding fjords, winter

lasts for well nigh two-thirds of the year. In the summer the cattle are driven to lonely saeters in the mountains, where the solitude is apt to breed strange fancies. The deep black forests, save in the brightest sunshine, are still shrouded in impenetrable gloom, and the unearthly cries of the phantom-like owls which swarm there, with the sighing and howling of the winds in the branches, may be mistaken for the moanings of uneasy spirits. Major Ferryman agrees with Mr. Goodman that those Norsemen are generally sad and solemn of aspect. But it is only the force of circumstances that clothes their careworn features in involuntary frowns; at bottom their natures are really genial, and they are ever ready to laugh when they are pleasantly tickled. The tourist who is exacting will have a bad time of it: if he is complaisant he will be treated as a member of the family, and, indeed, with similar absence of ceremony. Mr. Goodman remarks that one great charm of Norway is that it has no history: and Major Ferryman comes much to the same conclusion. The fighting of the warlike Harolds is not forgotten: in fact, it inspires not a few of the patriotic songs. But the scenes of the ancient warfare are forgotten, and, thanks to the practice of constructing houses and edifices in wood, there are few buildings dating back to times immemorial. The oldest of the marvellous incidents which Major Ferryman records must have happened within the last two or three hundred years. So late as that the trolls were frequent, and not unfriendly, visitors to the farmsteads. They seem to have taught the natives good manners and recommended virtue, but their self-respect was exaggerated and they were easily offended. Moreover, though generally beneficent, they were not always to be trusted. They would steal an unchristened baby when they had the chance, and a virgin bride was an irresistible temptation. We know that in democratic Norway there is no privileged or titled *noblesse*, but we have often heard of substantial yeomen who could trace their descent to Fair-haired Harold or his roving contemporaries. Major Ferryman avers that there is no blue blood: that those interminable pedigrees are purely mythical; and that few bonders, at least about the Hardanger Fjord, can trace ancestry beyond a couple of centuries. To come to more practical considerations: for himself, he is easily contented with quarters and food; but he warns the sportsman or adventurous pedestrian that he must be prepared to rough it in the hill shelters on Spartan fare; on *Fladbrod*, with excellent milk, impracticable cheese, and, perhaps, some scraps of dried deer meat. The people are personally filthy, and seldom wash; but they keep their smoky cabins tolerably clean, and the wayfarer may reckon on a decent straw couch. The foreign sportsman on the Fjelds has now to pay £11 for a licence which gives him free right of fishing and shooting, and that seems fair enough. The entire expenses of a month's trip, including the passage to and from England, may be estimated at the moderate figure of £30. But the wild reindeer become scarcer each year, owing to the introduction of half-domesticated herds, which is a new and tolerably profitable industry. Major Ferryman gives an account of it which is well worth reading.

Mr. Goodman's new volume deals with a country which has hitherto been comparatively untrodden by strangers. His "Southern Norway," which comprises the districts lying northward of the coast-line between Christiansand and Christiania, has none of the wild fjords of the west, and little of rugged grandeur. But as he describes the softer charms of hill and dale, meadow and lake, it must be extremely attractive. Moreover, it contains some of the finest waterfalls in the land of stupendous cataracts, and he gives an admirably impressive picture of the Rjukanfoss, or reeking foss, with its sheer tumble of 800 feet, and the spray showers rebounding higher than the fall. Were he not evidently so honestly pleased with everything and everybody, we should suspect him of wishing to "boom" the country. But he does admit that some of the scenery disappointed him, and he owns that the weather can occasionally be execrable. He had learned to take those Norwegians in the right way, and found them almost invariably straightforward, obliging, and even cheerful. Equipped with a very slight knowledge

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of the Norse, he made friends nevertheless with all the families that harboured him. A generation ago the rare Englishmen who visited Telemarken brought back the most evil reports of the food, the squalor, and the noxious night vermin. Even now the latest edition of Murray recommends travelling with a sufficiency of insect powder. Mr. Goodman declares that such statements are become calumnious. You may sleep soundly even on straw in the bunks in the saeters; except in out-of-the-way mountain hovels, the fare, though plain, is good of the kind; decent inns are being multiplied, where the living is not only comfortable but phenomenally cheap; and in the greater tourist centres there are sumptuous hotels, for the art of travel is being rapidly developed by the making of excellent roads, the laying-down of rails, the cutting of canals, and the launching of small passenger steamers on each inviting sheet of water. We ought to add that the volume is delightfully illustrated from original photographs by Mr. Goodman's travelling companion.

A PANACEA FOR PARLIAMENTARY PARALYSIS.

"Federation and Empire: a Study in Politics." By Thomas Alfred Spalding, LL.B. London: Henry & Co. 1896.

MR. SPALDING grapples courageously with a great theme. He has made a careful study of the legislative history of the United Kingdom during the century, and has arrived at certain conclusions which it is profitable to state and discuss, even though they do not commend themselves in detail to all who feel that our present Parliamentary system cannot endure for ever. The position of affairs at Westminster becomes yearly more unsatisfactory, and by a curious dispensation it appears to be more unsatisfactory under a Government backed by a strong majority than it was under a Government whose lease of life depended on the loyalty or the selfishness of a dozen men. Parliament has too much to do, and the necessity for finding some means of relief becomes increasingly obvious. In Mr. Spalding's words, Parliament is in a state of partial paralysis, and its work has naturally accumulated in proportion as it has grown less competent to deal with it. When we remember how much rests on the efficient working of the Parliamentary machine, how every one of the dependencies of the Crown looks to Westminster for some measure of guidance, great or small as the case may be, and how the interests of the vastest and most complicated empire on earth are in the hands of the Imperial Parliament, we cannot regard the pass to which things threaten to come without serious mis-giving.

To what is the Parliamentary paralysis on which Mr. Spalding insists due, and where may we look for a remedy? He contends that the over-pressure results from the increasing demands for separate attention made by the three countries included in the United Kingdom. At the same time, the system now in vogue, in Mr. Spalding's view, tends to weaken constitutional government. Each nation is fully conscious of the disadvantages which that system entails, and each is seeking some way of escape from it. About the constitutional evils there cannot be two opinions. In large measure the doctrine that the governed should assent through their representatives to the laws which they are compelled to obey is destroyed, because laws are made for Irishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen by an English majority with whom they are seldom in sympathy. This practice saps the responsibility of members of Parliament who are called on to vote laws for people with whom their future as politicians does not rest; and it perniciously provokes the formation of groups rather than parties. That this should be so is not surprising. In the United Kingdom we have the conditions which make for a federal and not for a unitarian government. It is impossible to pass laws which shall indiscriminately apply to its various parts. Consequently the great Imperial Parliament is called on year after year to deal in detail with sectional claims. Parliament devotes to parts of the realm energies which should go to safeguard the welfare of the whole empire, and Mr. Spalding,

it seems to us, has presented a powerful case for the gradual, if not immediate, adoption of purely State legislatures to which exclusively local affairs may be delegated. We have only to note what has happened in Parliament this year to see the force of the arguments in favour of the change. To take only one case in point, a powerful Imperial Ministry, with the most delicate, absorbing, and vital of Imperial problems to solve, suffered more than one defeat on account of a Land Bill which affected none but Irish interests. Such instances could be multiplied indefinitely from the Parliamentary record of recent years. Mr. Spalding, unfortunately, does not make his proposals quite so thorough as they might be made. He is fearful apparently of incurring any charge of separatism, and makes one suggestion the adoption of which would inevitably result in the breakdown of his federal régime. He would have the laws which are initiated by the local legislatures passed through the House of Lords before receiving the Royal assent. Such a system would, of course, place an intolerable power in the hands of the Peers. The only satisfactory and workable way out of the difficulty would be to give the right to reserve Bills to the monarch's representative only, as in the self-governing Colonies.

It is disappointing that Mr. Spalding, in a work which makes frequent reference to Colonial affairs and bears the title "Federation and Empire," has confined himself to recommending a federal system which takes no thought, so far as we can see, of the possibility of including Colonial representatives in the Imperial Legislature. He makes two points very clear—first, that the extension of Colonial enterprise on the part of the European Powers has enormously enhanced the anxieties of the Imperial authorities; and, second, that whilst Colonial questions become more numerous and more pressing, the Imperial Parliament devotes more and more of its time to domestic matters. In some degree, the diminished consideration of Colonial questions in the last thirty or forty years is attributable to a cause which Mr. Spalding ignores. When self-government was given to the great Colonies many matters which would previously have been referred to the home Government were left to be disposed of locally. The circumstance may be taken as an indication of the relief a federal régime would ensure. Equally, it may be pointed out that the concession of self-government to the parts of the United Kingdom, placing them on a level in that respect with the self-governing Colonies, would suggest to many students of the great problem of Britain's Imperial future the necessity of making some move in the direction of placing the Colonies on a level with Scotland and Ireland in regard to the responsibilities of empire. Equality in this respect may be far off, but the thin edge of the wedge will soon have to be inserted. Mr. Spalding does not go into this possible development of his scheme; but, limited as that scheme is, its adoption would or should pave the way to the larger federal organisation. Imperial federation would be easier of accomplishment if a federal Parliament already existed, than under the conditions of to-day, when the Imperial Legislature is a local legislature as well.

SHREDS AND PATCHES OF PSYCHOLOGY.

"Analytical Psychology." By G. F. Stout, M.A. 2 vols. Library of Philosophy. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Limited. 1896.

THIS is a book of more aspiration than merit. It is an attempt to tie into bundles a number of pickings obtained by jaunty excursions into various fields, and by occasional visits paid to the quarries where great men have hewn at hard rocks. The result is put before us as a science of mental process. But by mental process you must not understand logic, but the work of stringing together a number of things called "modes of consciousness" and squeezing them into "an individual whole." The plan is called analytic because "its aim is to discover the ultimate and irreducible constituents of consciousness" or awakeness "in general." But before we can pluck our consciousness into atoms we require to know or suppose how it is

put together. Therefore, we must gather up a few specimens of metaphysical notion and name these. But this naming is rather difficult, and yet Mr. Stout undauntedly names and names, as unhesitatingly as if he were the original Adam at the grand parade of creatures. Aversion, constraint, activity, transition, attention, and many such familiar terms are repainted and varnished, and made to do the duties of other and equally familiar words. But a host of other phrases crowd the stage and obscure the acting. If a baby wants to suck, that is an anoetic conation; if a squirrel picks up a nut, it performs an act of noetic synthesis, and the reader must be careful to draw a line of demarcation between "the noetic synthesis involved in perception and the increased complexity of impression, which may arise from performed associations." In other words, Mr. Stout is one of those amateur philosophers who gain great glory for deep discourse at afternoon tea, by discomfiting persons who talk less volubly and polysyllabically, or who eat more cake. The worst of such talkers is, that they forget their own important conclusions very rapidly. In nine pages psychology is twice defined, first as the "positive science of mental process," and next as "the science of the development of mind." But surely even muscular process and the development of muscle are two different things? And the word positive, too, makes some difference to certain people, who happen, for instance, to care for exacter thought than passes off so well between the muffins. But sinking the positive, how is our lecturer to discover and elaborate the development of mind? Plainly by a careful study of mental evolution in races and individuals. He will be mentally "mated with the squalid savage," find out subtle meanings in war paint and wampum, and try how many glass beads a naked black can count. But Mr. Stout dwells at St. John's College, Cambridge, at ease. Except for a few references to Sproat and Livingstone's travels, his work shows no great acquaintance with wild man; apparently he has no hairy friends among the anthropoid apes. Of babies he knows only that they suck, and he is not quite sure how this is done, but he has observed that in time they eat with a knife and fork. Of deaf mutes, he has learned something from Schmalz, but not enough of the ease and expressiveness of their sign language, and he shows no special knowledge of idiots and other cases of arrested development. In the face of these considerations the data for this positive or other science must come from self-analysis, and the reader will look eagerly for some indications of the individual whole, who is to be tattered and shredded into two stout volumes. He is given a glimpse of a facile person who likes to do mental work near running brooks, in well-lighted rooms, with a pleasant landscape visible from an open window (i. p. 172); who is somewhat deaf, save to the dulcet tones of philosophic phrases (p. 188), given to brown studies and staring (206), unable to detect spices by the scent (ii. 9), given to foolish experiment such as haschisch-eating (14), able with difficulty to picture the reverse side of an apple (22), helpless about finding right roads and right rooms in hotels (35), deficient in the colour sense (56), and disgracefully ignorant of music (as is first proved by the statement (ii. 122) that a certain note stands in one clef for *d* and in another for *h*, and afterwards confessed), and, finally, a cigar-smoker (p. 304). But these are scattered observations upon himself by the psychologist, and tell us little, so little that it is as hard to apperceive him as it is to tell whether the purring cat who was pushed off the hearth-rug, as an instance of obstructed conation, resisted unto scratching. The science is made up out of a few common and confessed phenomena, grouped together by no natural process and interpreted by no intelligent synthesis, and it begins with no deep and systematic self-observation. The dogmas of the book are entirely weak. Ice does not "look cold because we have felt it cold to the touch." It looks coldest when it is blue, and quite warm when it glows with a red torch held over it. Pleasure and pain do not "depend respectively on the uninterrupted or interrupted course of the vital series," for why does a green leaf in February delight us and a yellow leaf in August make us lament? Why does memory sometimes please and sometimes

pain us? Why, *per contra*, does consumption slay cheerfully and cancer painfully? What vital series is interrupted by much musk or uninterrupted by a little musk? Mr. Stout did not know whither he was going when he set out to write upon psychology, and he gets, as one would expect, nowhere. Like the wicked pedlar of the same name, who conducted, *per alium*, experiments upon the *ego* and the *non-ego*, but attained to no certain results, he has but contributed to the rag market of the world, and perhaps a little to its amusement, for no one can take this book quite seriously.

THE HISTORY OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

"The History of Northumberland." By Cadwallader J. Bates. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.

TO condense into three hundred pages the history of such a county as Northumberland requires a compression almost hydraulic, as Mr. Bates truly says, and there can be no doubt that the efficiency of his machinery has been fully tested. In a border county, the scene of endless forays and of numerous pitched battles, possessing an extensive seaboard and studded with "towers along the steep," we have, as we might expect, a chronicle of fitful and spasmodic activity. Development is often apparently arrested, and generally retarded; at times, indeed, retrogression seems to set in; but as we pass through the ages we find that here, as elsewhere, progress gradually works its way, notwithstanding all obstacles. Though the titles of the chapters are rather topical than chronological, the book is a chronicle for all that, and consecutive dates are not concealed by local designations. The Roman occupation is sure to bring matter of controversy. Richard of Cirencester is happily out of the way; but the Sphinx-like utterances of the Ravenna Chorographer are not to be disposed of so easily, and, though Mr. Bates finds a simple explanation of the Tenth Route in Antonine's Itinerary, its simplicity is owing to his turning a stage of nineteen miles between *Calacum* and *Ala* into one of forty-nine miles. He deplores in a kindly spirit that writers should "lose themselves in clouds of exploded hypotheses"—a sad thing truly, but not so sad as the addition of thirty miles to a stage. No MS. collated by Parthey and Pinder reads XLIX., a form never seen in the Itineraries. Two read XVIII., one VIII., and the rest XVIII. By this simplicity the station *Clanoventa* or *Glanoventa*, to select a pair out of many spellings of the name, is taken to Stanwix. A little more of it would bring us to Glasgow, and then, perhaps, etymology might lend valuable aid. In these points, as in others, we really must abide by the authority of MSS., and not seek to reconstruct routes for ourselves. But in thus differing from Mr. Bates it would be most unfair to fail to recognize the general value of the chapter on the Roman Wall.

As we emerge from these meagre mileages, and enter upon the discussion of days which are honoured with records, ground for controversy is cut away by degrees. Mr. Bates protests, not ineffectively, against the summary rejection of dim traditions on the lazy plea of antecedent improbability. He deserves the thanks of his readers for their insertion, as well as for his hydraulic compression of the history of the Saxon period into about five and twenty pages. For reference these pages will be very useful; but there is an undoubted distracting influence in the occurrence of a great number of names of analogous formation without sufficient idiosyncrasy attaching to their owners to lead us to distinguish one from another. This has always been a repellent force in the study of Saxon history, and there must be great difficulty in dealing with it. Ecclesiastical miracles and secular crimes form the general tissue of the period. The former decrease as we advance; but the battles of kites and crows show little signs of diminution, and for many centuries the scroll of Northumberland is as full of "lamentations and mourning and woe" as is that in the vision of Ezekiel. The readers of the chapters on the Kingdom and the Earldom will find their progress facilitated by the author's kindness in not insisting on the versions of the names of kings which have the authority of their sign-manual. We thank him for using other and recognized forms.

The history of Scotch rule in Tyndale is recorded not only with pains but with point, of which an epigrammatic instance is found in the author's dry observation about the comparatively rare occurrence of suicides. "There were so many opportunities of losing your life that it was not worth while to take it yourself." This is in Chapter VI. For graphic description the two chapters which follow it, entitled "The Great Wars" and "The Percies," stand pre-eminent, and though the good folk of Northumberland, who best know the ground traversed, will perforce feel the keenest interest in them, all students of mediæval history and literature will be gratified at the lively treatment of the actions of Thomas, Duke of Lancaster, and the battle of Halidon Hill. Hydraulic compression seems to have crowded Neville's Cross into very few words, but we may get it some day in Durham, to which it strictly belongs. The house of Percy receives full notice, as is requisite, and some allegations about the family history, which have appeared in Professor Freeman's "English Towns and Districts," are dealt with in the Preface. The story of Otterburn is one of the best told episodes in the book. Sir Matthew Redman, finding that the fallen fortunes of the English could not be retrieved, rides off for Newcastle, is pursued and attacked by Sir James Lindsay, yields, and is allowed to proceed on promise to present himself in Scotland in a fortnight. What followed shall be told in the historian's own words: "The moon had now gone down. Lindsay, having ridden two or three miles towards Otterburn, as he supposed, found himself face to face with a company of horsemen. Thinking they were Scots, he rode in among them. 'Who goes there?' demanded the leader. 'I am James Lindsay.' 'You are right welcome, Sir knight; and I take you my prisoner. I am Walter de Skirlawe, priest and Bishop of Durham.' The Bishop had reached Newcastle in the evening with the levies of Yorkshire and Durham, and had sat down to supper, when it struck him that it was not quite right to leave the Percies unsupported." He had consequently advanced, but with diminishing forces, and after capturing Lindsay he returned to Newcastle, where his prisoner fell in with Redman on the next day, much to the surprise of the latter.

Flodden, the Pilgrimage of Grace, and the rebellion of the Northern Earls in 1569 receive equally vigorous handling, and the narrative maintains to the full its engrossing attraction through the recusant troubles to the chapter entitled the Radcliffes, which has a more extensive scope than is implied in that family name, dealing as it does with the Great Rebellion, the Restoration, the execution of Sir John Fenwick, the "Fifteen" and the "Forty-five."

In the final chapter, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which like its predecessor overflows the banks prescribed by its title, the history is brought to its close. Perhaps a warning may be given as to the constant use of participles at the beginning of sentences, which occurs too liberally in some parts of the book and becomes wearying to the reader. But on the whole the people of the North ought especially to be well pleased to have in an accessible form the salient points in the annals of their famous county, while in England generally, and in the United States, where detail in history is so eagerly sought, of the many readers who take up the book, few will put it down without finding themselves possessed of wider and deeper knowledge of the annals of Great Britain at large as well as of Northumberland.

STERILIZED MILK.

"University of Wisconsin. Agricultural Experiment Station. Bulletin No. 44. Pasteurization of Milk and Cream for Direct Consumption." Madison, Wisconsin. 1896.

THESE are the days when microbes are set down as the cause of most of the diseases that flesh is heir to, and many of us may think that the enthusiasm of bacteriologists has outrun their discretion. But in the matter of milk the case is clear enough. Many diseases have been shown to have gone round with the milkman. As Mr. Russell, the writer of this Bulletin, and the bacteriologist of the University of Wisconsin,

remarks: "Not only have diseases like consumption, typhoid and scarlet fevers, diphtheria, &c., been traced in numerous instances to a contaminated milk supply, but much evidence is accumulating that indicates that a large percentage of the gastric and enteric troubles, dysentery, fluxes, summer diarrhoea, &c., that are peculiar, especially in the summer months, to young infants whose main food is milk, are due to toxic (poison) producing bacteria that are taken into the alimentary tract with the food."

Milk, as secreted in the healthy animal, is free from any forms of bacteria. If it were possible to secure its distribution in this unchanged form, its value as the most perfect food would remain unchanged for an indefinite time. But its chemical composition makes it a food for bacteria as perfect as it is a food for infants. Its temperature at the time of its withdrawal from the animal is highly suitable for the growth of bacteria. These reach it from the teats of the cow, from the dust of the byres, from the hands of the milkers, and in a multitude of other ways, so that by the time it reaches the consumer it always contains a very large amount of germ life. Most of the germs do no more harm than that they rapidly render milk unfit for food by changing its chemical composition; but if any of them have come from a source of infection, they multiply in the milk, and getting into the empty stomach of the consumer, are ready to do their dangerous or fatal work. The perfect way, of course, to prevent contagion being spread by milk would be a sanitary control of sources of infection so complete that the microbes of infection should never reach milk. But even if England were covered by a network of vigilant sanitary inspectors, if every case of disease could be identified and isolated at once, it is improbable that the spread of disease by milk could be stopped. For the mischief of it is that the contagious matter is not dead, and is accordingly endowed with the power of indefinite multiplication under favourable conditions of food. Let one of the million spores liberated from every case of disease, puffed by a wanton zephyr on the cow in the fields, or on the milkman as he goes his rounds, but reach the milk, and, in a few hours, it has multiplied ten thousand times. It is imperative that the milk itself should be dealt with.

Complete sterilization of the milk is the most obvious remedy. This may be done by subjecting it to the temperature of boiling water for a considerable period or periods. But there are practical difficulties. Those with experience of bacteriological work know that it is the most tedious and difficult process to secure complete sterilization of any substance favourable to the growth of bacteria. The difficulties are, indeed, so great, and complete sterilization is so rarely effected, that until a few years ago several experienced workers believed that the germs were generated spontaneously within the boiled flasks. Next, in addition to being incomplete, the process is costly. Lastly, the milk is altered in taste and in smell, and most consumers would have nothing to do with it.

The rival process, called pasteurization, after its inventor, is fully explained in the treatise now before us, which is based on many years' experimental work conducted at the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Wisconsin. The details of the process, the apparatus necessary, and so forth are fully described; but these we may leave to the practical man. It consists in heating the milk or cream to a temperature that is fatal to vegetative or actively growing bacteria, and still not high enough to change materially the taste and smell. The minimum limit of heat is that necessary to kill the tubercle bacillus; the maximum limit is that which produces the cooked taste. An average standard is an exposure for twenty minutes to a temperature of nearly 155 degrees Fahrenheit. The cost of the process as employed at Wisconsin would add almost nothing to the price of the retailed commodity; and this slight extra cost would probably in practice be neutralized by the fact that, as pasteurized milk keeps perfectly sweet for a much longer time than untreated milk, it could therefore be sent to the distributing centres in larger quantities, thus lowering the cost of distribution.

The actual destruction of germ-life by the process

amounts to about 99·7 per cent. of the microbes present. The important practical point is that the milk, after it has been heated, should be chilled rapidly and kept cool until it is actually used. In this way the 3 per cent. of the germ-life which has survived the process of heating has no opportunity of multiplying further. When untreated milk has been contaminated by the germs of disease, by the time it is consumed the germs have multiplied abundantly, and the stomach of the consumer has a big task to resist the contagion. In the case of pasteurized milk, if contagious germs happen to be among the surviving 3 per cent., the stomach may be trusted to give a good account of them. There are probably few of us who have not digested the spores of most diseases.

At the present time, when English agriculture is in so evil a case, it is with an envious admiration that we see the help given to the agriculturists of other countries by their State and University institutions. As a final fillip to the awakening interest of English readers we quote the following sentence, printed on the cover of the Bulletin now before us:—"The bulletins and annual reports of this station are sent free to all residents of this State who request it."

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"Attack or Defence: Seven Military Essays." By Captain Maude, p.s.c., late R.E. London: J. J. Keliher & Co. 1896.

"Battles of the Nineteenth Century." Described by Archibald Forbes, G. A. Henty, Major Arthur Griffiths, and others. Vol. I. London: Cassell & Co. 1896.

CAPTAIN MAUDE possesses an incisive and attractive style, and there is much originality and vigour of thought in what he has to tell us. He is evidently deeply read in military history, and is able by simply quoting facts, which others either never knew or have overlooked, to dissipate and squander certain finely spun theories and pedantries, after a long spell of inexperience as to European warfare, which have inevitably crystallized round our military notions. For many years after the campaign of 1870 it was the fashion to worship as a fetish almost every item of the German military system. The scouting of their cavalry, the shooting of their artillery, the marching powers, courage, and dash of their infantry, were all held up to admiration, while to breathe a hint against the generalship displayed by their leaders was for some time regarded as an almost wanton act of heresy. During the last few years, however, we have read the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the candid and searching criticisms of Franz Hœnig, and have learnt, what all soldiers of experience had all along realized, that the Germans won victories in spite of many serious blunders and imperfections, and that they had to contend with inefficiency, stupidity, and even with downright cowardice amongst their soldiers, just as all nations have ever done, and as we ourselves will have to do to-morrow. No English writer has more ably exposed the shortcomings of the idol which has been set up amongst us than has Captain Maude, and he gives us an opinion as to the more excellent way which all who think too deeply to be carried away by the breath of an ephemeral enthusiasm will know how to value. The work before us is a collection of seven essays, which are here republished, and which well merit a place in our military literature more permanent than the pages of a periodical. The first—on Field Fortifications and Entrenched Camps—is perhaps the most important, and in it the futility of sinking money in such works without a due regard to questions of time, social considerations, and the situation generally, is most ably exposed. Reliance on such strongholds, except under circumstances which create a law for themselves, is invariably the refuge of inefficiency and feebleness, and such a support has always broken in the hand of him who leant upon it. It has been so in the past, and it will be so again in the future, as our author very clearly here demonstrates. In the "Evolution of Modern Drill-books" he disposes of another fallacy so decisively that we cordially commend the attention of every officer in our army to his words. The parrot-cry as to the terrors of our modern fire-

arms is reiterated on all sides nowadays, till it is a subject for wonder that either men or generals have any nerve left to either carry out or order an attack. Yet losses are admittedly less than formerly, and this essay explains why this is the case. "In Frederick's time the line stood three deep, one man to the pace, and fired six volleys per minute, or twenty-five bullets per yard of front—quite as many, in fact, as a line in single rank can get off to-day." Theoretically such a line was unapproachable, but it was often broken, and that by advancing upon it in the closest formation too. Why? Because men in action lose their heads and fire wildly. And if old, highly trained soldiers acted thus in the past, will their half-fledged, more highly strung, and less perfectly disciplined successors of to-day do otherwise? We say "No," and some glimmering of this elementary truth seems dawning in the minds of many of our modern soldiers, for we hear less now about making use of cover, and the saving the soldiers' skin, while a strong party believes that the old line formation is less vulnerable than the preposterously deep one in which the attack is broken up into no less than five targets one behind the other, offering a tempting opportunity to the long-ranging projectiles of modern firearms. Captain Maude has something most interesting to tell us of the Prussian cavalry too, although we think he has viewed its powers of getting across country with a somewhat partial eye, and is guilty of exaggeration with regard to the measurements of an obstacle which he saw a horse artillery battery and five regiments gallop over. He tells us that he has since verified the measurements carefully, but has he measured such expressions as "at the fullest extended speed of their horses" with equal nicety?

While Captain Maude has told us what is likely to happen in the future, and has examined the experiences of the past with the accuracy of a scientist dissecting a specimen under a magnifying-glass, or a shrewd lawyer sifting evidence, Messrs. Cassell cater rather for the popular palate, and their war descriptions are therefore couched in a full-flavoured, piquant style, which is more melodramatic than scientific. There is plenty of blood and thunder, and fine patriotic sentiment about "British bayonets," chiming in with "Vive l'Empereur" and telegrams to "Augusta." But in its own way the book is an excellent one too, and very clear and vivid accounts of the great contests of the century are presented to us. Many of us have quite forgotten Garibaldi and Aspromonte, Buena Vista, or Puente de la Reyna. Even Amoaful is growing dim to some, and the smaller battles of 1870 or of the American War are already forgotten except by those who study American history, either from predilection or necessity. We find all about them in these pages, and the story of the desert fights in 1885 and many another stirring tale which deserves to be held in memory is here recorded too. Throughout the style is light, and such as will while away the dread of "a lesson book" in our minds; while a not unimportant *aide mémoire* for those who are called upon to write about military affairs is supplied. Moreover, the book is well illustrated, and is furnished with excellent maps and plans, while an appendix at the end supplies us with a useful chronological table of the battles dealt with. There is naturally a considerable diversity in the manner in which the stories are told. A few are disposed of in a way that will scarcely satisfy a man studying for the Staff College; on the other hand, some of the authors, notably Mr. Archibald Forbes and Mr. Herbert, do more than merely aim at picturesqueness or effective writing. On the whole, we can congratulate Messrs. Cassell on the result, and trust their second volume will be as well worth reading as their first.

CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTH AFRICA AND EGYPT.

"Campaigning in South Africa and Egypt." By Major-General W. C. F. Molyneux. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

THIS book is the record of the experiences of an officer who seems to have been devoted to his profession, to have studied it assiduously, and to have had his full share of the hard knocks and rubs incidental

to active service. We gather that he was retired against his will, while he felt still capable of doing his duty, and was anxious to continue at it. It is always sad to read such a story, and it is one of the most serious drawbacks to life in the army that the day must perforce come to the overwhelming majority of officers when they have to leave their professions only because they have attained the limit of age which fixes their retirement in order to create promotion for younger men. As long as a man is serving he may always go on hoping against hope that "something may turn up." A sudden call on active service or an unexpected death vacancy may in a moment completely upset all calculations, and a man apparently doomed may breathe freely again for some years more. But once his name appears in the "Gazette" it is all over. Not for him at any rate is the marshal's bâton; he may never hope to win laurels in the field, and the years spent on his profession have not only been wasted as regards the future, but are positively inimical to his success in it, for they have rendered him fit for nothing but the profession which is his no longer. Here and there a twinge or two of pain and disappointment are visible in the pages before us, and show that the author feels his enforced retirement; but on the whole they are bright and sparkling, and display very considerable literary ability. General Molyneux is proud of his ancestry, and can boast that he comes of a fighting stock. With a vanity pardonable under the circumstances, he tells that:—"For the rest I will merely say that those I have mentioned handed down traditions of a famous soldier high in the confidence of William, Duke of Normandy; of another who was knighted for his services in 1286 in Gascony; of a third who was with Edward III. at the taking of Calais in 1347, and got a fleur de lys added to his shield; of a fourth who was knighted by the Black Prince on the field of Navaret in 1367, and afterwards buried in Canterbury Cathedral; of a fifth who distinguished himself at Agincourt in 1415; of a sixth slain at the battle of Bloreheath in 1459; of a seventh who was knighted on Flodden Field in 1513, and given a tiger passant *proper* on a crown or for his crest; and of many others who served their sovereigns loyally and well in many capacities." In the face of so much congenial valour we can only be surprised that no honourable augmentation of arms has recently been conferred on the house of Molyneux, and it seems quite natural that our author should have assisted to kill Zulus and Arabs with the same zest that his predecessors showed in previous centuries; and now that he has exchanged the sword for the mightier weapon, he may console himself with a vista of new laurels to be gained. For he really writes well and agreeably, has a great deal of interesting matter to discourse of, and displays a most commendable good taste in dealing with certain thorny questions much talked of in South Africa seventeen years ago. A keen sense of humour, too, gives a spice to the whole, and every now and again a laughable anecdote is found sandwiched between accounts of actions such as we have grown almost too familiar with of late years. After Ulundi the Zulus admitted themselves fairly beaten. They had been worsted by the white men in the open, the "long assegais" (lances) were terrible, and "Umbyembyee" had been seen at Maize-Kanye. This strange word will puzzle many, and has, indeed, a curious derivation. "Years ago, when the Zulus working at the wharf at Durban first saw a field-gun, they asked its name. The men landing it said: 'We will tell you by-and-bye,' and the natives ever since have called them 'umbyembyee'!"

The account of the Egyptian campaign of 1882 and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir is excellent, and those who deride that expedition as a mere picnic will do well to study the record of the sufferings and privations which the heat entailed on our officers and men. General Molyneux appears to have occasionally found his friends more dangerous than his foes—a not uncommon experience, we imagine, when excitable individuals are about with firearms. He was making his way back from the front along the Sweet Water Canal one evening, when "suddenly a horseman approached and shouted; I answered, and continued on my way. 'Stand and give your name, or I fire,' was the reply, and regardless of the fact that I was talking English to him, the

stranger kept me covered with his revolver, refusing to be satisfied for a long time." He was, however, very young. It is the custom to speak of Inkerman as the "soldiers' battle," and so it was; but so, too, is almost every action in which British troops engage. There are so few of them that usually it is a matter of holding on as best one can and wearying out the enemy by sheer stubborn and dogged courage. The officers are often so busily occupied that they can give no attention but to that which is passing in their immediate front, and their men not unfrequently have to act as their instinct directs them. That such instinct is often most soldierly and admirable is evidenced by many a deed of valour perhaps unrecorded and unobserved save by those few who happened to be witnesses of it at the time. Here is such a deed of arms. "Some of our Marines and Rifles were lying on the sands under fire from Egyptian artillery and infantry three or four hundred yards to the front and more or less under cover. Suddenly the men of two adjacent companies jumped to their feet, rushed three hundred yards to the front, and captured three guns before you could wink. Perhaps rivalry did it; who knows?" No one did; nor can any one to this day say who gave the order, or whether any was given at all. Most probably it was only a bold impulse of their own that carried our men forward and gave them the victory, as often before in the history of war a bold and opportune venture has snatched it. Lord Wolseley only the other day spoke in public of how greatly luck influences the course of battles, and how deeply even the ablest leaders have been indebted to good fortune pure and simple. How much he himself was beholden to the fickle goddess at Tel-el-Kebir is shown by the narrative of the celebrated night march given in these pages. Had the Highland Brigade not drifted northwards in its progress, it would have passed within four hundred yards of a detached redoubt which, unknown to us, stood twelve hundred yards before Arabi's entrenchments. No doubt its garrison would have given the alarm, and, equally doubtless, the Highlanders would have turned upon and assaulted it; and then our army would have had to march for two-thirds of a mile exposed to the musketry of the Egyptians in the main line of works. But the stars fought for us; and we unwittingly avoided the redoubt in following their guidance, which made us edge away from it. All this and much more is told graphically and well in the pages before us, which will no doubt be read with much interest by most officers who have taken part in the stirring scenes they deal with, and by many of the general public who only seek to be entertained.

FICTION.

"Denis." By Mrs. E. M. Field. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

"For the Vagabond Hour." By William Trowbridge. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1896.

"Honor Ormthwaite." By the Author of "Lady Jean's Vagaries." London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1896.

IN "Denis," the author has done a distinctly difficult thing with marked success. She has drawn a vivid picture of the grievances of Irish tenant peasantry, and a no less vivid one of the landlord's side of the subject; and in doing this she has not only made the "Irish question" one of absorbing interest, but she has in no way taken sides or shown the heat of the partisan, and her sketch is consequently all the more strikingly genuine in effect. The humour of every word and incident connected with Denis and his fellows is delicious; the book abounds with good stories and racy dialogue. The tragic side of the tale does not appeal to us quite as forcibly as the rest. Though capable of strong bits of pathetic writing, Mrs. Field is evidently less at home where the situation does not permit of any humorous touch to lighten it. Father Con, the priest who knew a good shillelagh when he saw it, is pure fun from beginning to end. On the whole, "Denis" is a capital and rousing book, and deserves more than faint praise.

"For the Vagabond Hour" is a collection of stories, all readable, but very unequal in merit. Some few are

so "realistic" as to be hardly readable. We instance the last in the book, "Coal Lily." Others are quite daringly Kipling-inspired—too obviously so to hope to escape comment. It would almost appear that the author had boldly chosen the same ground and built up a tale on the same lines, in order to show that he understood how it could be done. One example is the story of "Ted," a misused child. We are not prepared to say that his sufferings do not affect us as deeply as those of Mr. Kipling's little "Punch" under similar circumstances. But then "Baa-baa, Black Sheep" was written first. The same remark applies in a minor degree to most of the military stories. One or two tales are feebly sentimental and not worth printing; others are remarkably clever—one with the name of "Ashes of Vanity" in particular.

"Honor Ormthwaite" has a fairly fresh plot and well sustained interest to recommend it. Honor is the wife of a wealthy and prominent man whom she adores. When a young girl she had contracted a very different marriage with a low and vicious young labourer. He had opportunely died, and she had been led to believe that their only child was also dead. When, after many happy years of her second married life, she is suddenly informed that the girl is alive and has been brought up in her father's rank, Honor dares not inflict such a daughter on her fastidious husband. She enters on a course of deceit instead, and takes the girl into her household as lady's maid. We will not follow the plot to the end. Its novelty is backed up by very tolerable writing, and the disowned daughter is amusingly drawn, as are many of the minor characters.

"A Cornish Maid." By L. Higgin. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1896.

"Tom Grogan." By F. Hopkinson Smith. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

"A Regular Fraud." By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. London: F. V. White & Co. 1896.

"A Cornish Maid" revives a very old friend whom we had feared obsolete—namely, the baby who gets washed ashore in oilskin and a coral necklace. In this case, the child's parents are anxiously endeavouring to recover her, and the press, we are given to understand, rings with the account of her rescue. The author, however, scorns to allow anything so prosaic as an immediate restoration. The Cornish maid takes the usual eighteen years to discover her mother, and finds her, satisfactory to expectation, in a "sweet, sad-faced woman" who takes a fancy to her on account of her own lost daughter. The coral necklace acts like the strawberry mark; and all is well. Yet another familiar figure is brought in—that of the mother whose existence is a "shameful secret," rendering her son's marriage with an innocent girl an impossibility. The conscientiousness of the young man desirous of marrying, in fiction, is a very beautiful thing.

"Tom Grogan" is a fine little tale. Tom is a woman, of splendid type and possessing a muscular development which makes her a terror to all who have tried to "take the bread from the children's mouths" by denying her the right to do man's work like a man for her family's sake, in the place of her dead husband. The pluck and vigour of her are so well shown as to be stirring, and more than one situation is eminently dramatic. We instance her appearance, almost from her death-bed, to sign the contract which would otherwise have lapsed. A more sympathetic character could hardly have been chosen, and the author has done her justice.

"A Regular Fraud" has for main idea the impossible one of a young man staying among girls in a country-house, and passing himself off as one of themselves in frocks and a "fringe." The thing is inoffensively but crudely treated, and the book of the shallowest order of books.

"Studies in Black and White." By Lady Henry Somerset. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

"Disturbing Elements." By Mabel C. Birchenough. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1896.

Lady Henry Somerset has, we confess, surprised us a little. Her studies of the pitiful scenes she writes of

are more sympathetic, more drawn from the inside, than we should have expected. Philanthropy, even aggressive philanthropy, would not appear to be a total bar to all communion with the lower classes. The little boy of the first few sketches really recalls little boys to us: the grim account of Mrs. Benn's baby-murder and her hysterical remorse has a genuine shudder in it: and the amateur district visitors, and "kindly people" generally, are touched in with distinctly humorous malice. There is a great falling off in the end of the little book. Maggie, the "unfortunate," is of the stalest conventional type. She has been met with *ad nauseam* of late years between the covers of ladies' "realistic" novels—and is to be met with nowhere else beneath the moon. At first, when she is the child-mother of a poverty-stricken family, Maggie has some pathos in her history: the later developments are improbable with a hackneyed improbability, and the girl's end would have been more tragic had there been the least necessity for it. Putting apart this touch of insincerity, which mars the first impression of genuineness given by the "Studies," Lady Henry Somerset need not be ashamed of her unambitious venture in story-telling.

"Disturbing Elements" is full of promise and full of fun. The fine, slightly stolid heroine is capably drawn. So is her terrible "don" admirer, Edward Bruce. The interestingly invalidated but heroic Jean is less convincing—perhaps the weakest attempt in the book. Some of the people are gems of character-drawing—Jean's mother, for example, and the appallingly benevolent Uncle Jules. Altogether, the book has amused us greatly. Miss Birchenough ought to do well.

"The Wooing of Phyllis." By Katharine Coleman. London: Gay & Bird. 1896.

"An Easy-going Fellow." By C. J. Wills. London: Chatto & Windus. 1896.

"The Wooing of Phyllis" is an innocent little tale, redolent of buttercups, and mainly concerned with the pairing-off of some nice girls with steady young men. True, there is an attempt at a villain and a scandal, but evidently as a mere concession to popular prejudice. Phyllis's passions are toy passions, and her little bit of tragedy is as harmless as a wet rocket. One knows from the outset that she will tell her husband, and that it will all end in the usual pretty connubial posing with linked arms before the curtain.

"An Easy-going Fellow" is distinguished, first and foremost, by a certain vulgar jocularity of style, abounding in colloquially worded confidential appeals to the reader; after this somewhat offensive peculiarity, it is notable for an easy briskness of narrative and an innocent impudence of moral tone. "I have never to my knowledge been guilty of dishonourable conduct," says the hero, after he has deceived a young orphan girl who had promised to marry him, by one of the sham weddings of fiction. The author agrees with him, and pronounces him "a victim of his surroundings," going on to remark engagingly to the astonished reader, "Put yourself in his place. What would you have done under the circumstances?" We can picture the speechless glare of the blameless spinster, who is the largest consumer of this style of literature. There is a decided cleverness shown here and there and a *naïveté* of attitude throughout that make the whole less objectionable than its vulgarity might imply.

SOME THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

IT has often been remarked that, although Englishmen affect a great veneration for the Bible, it is impossible to get a modern Testament in any beautiful print or binding. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have broken through the traditions of Philistia, and have given us an exquisite Greek Testament, printed from a new fount of type of a pleasant uncial character, such as would have delighted monastic souls before printing began, and yet such as the modern eye can easily decipher. The valuable essay of Bishop Westcott and Dr. Hort on textual criticism is bound up modestly at the end. Theology and taste have kissed each other. Dr. Hort's admirers have done him some injustice by publishing his lecture notes upon the "Ante-Nicene Fathers," which are mere jottings made for talking to undergraduates and persons who approach the subject for the first time. Such notes it is foolish to put forth in a book. But Dr. Hort's more solid work is shown in his "Prolegomena

to the Epistles to the Romans and Ephesians," which contains useful and careful matter, and such incidental notes as a list of grammars and lexicons of Hellenistic Greek, and such concordances as are indispensable to a modern student. But even this book required more careful editing than it has received. Bishop Barry's Hulsean Lectures upon the "Ecclesiastical Expansion of England" have the usual buoyant cheerfulness of that rhetorician. His Australian knowledge does not extend to the fact that the Church in that continent is deplorably weak and ridiculously muddled; and that her bishops have an ugly habit of making mischief and then bolting. Yet he should know something of these matters. Dean Church's calm, reasonable, and scholarly style is shown once more in "Pascal and other Sermons." The best of these sermons is that upon Bishop Butler, whose massive logic is well known, but whose simple life and quiet determination to avoid self-advertisement and petty inquisitiveness the late Dean sets forth newly and happily. Butler is one of our national heroes, but he suffers from two great mischances—the plain man cannot understand his works, the learned know nothing about him except the names of a few of the places he lived in. In sheer hard work, the enthusiasm of reserve, and the self-control which comes of power, Dean Church himself was not unlike the great Hammer of Deism; but that is the less remarkable because all great Englishmen tend somewhat in those directions, and Butler was a typical Englishman.

"The Memorials of the Rev. Edward Glover" is a small book, evidently printed for the sake of the personal friends and hearers of that kind and well-living High Church clergyman. To the mere outsider the memoir and twelve sermons have an interest pathetically small: we have "five hundred as good as he." But that is just the best of it, as those will agree to whom this book is most welcome.

"Russia and the English Church," Vol. I., edited by the Rev. W. J. Birkbeck, is a book to be read. It relates the case of Mr. Palmer, a Tractarian and brother to the late Lord Selborne, who tried hard to become an Eastern Churchman after and before he became a Roman Catholic. The letters between this uneasy pilgrim and M. Khomiakoff, the great questions raised by his roving and principles touched upon, are interesting enough, although it is more interesting still to hear Russian views upon English religion. Mr. Palmer was a spirited adventurer and explorer; but, instead of climbing mountains, he tackled the heights ecclesiastical, moving from peak to peak with much spiritual agility. Nothing could daunt this roving Englishman, neither the Patriarch Jeremiah's crush for Lutherans, nor the eighteen articles of the Synod of Bethlehem, nor the language nor the rigours of Parthenius Sopkofsky; in short, his enterprise was boundless. How the Eastern bishops must have hated him!

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Money and Social Problems." By J. Wilson Harper. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1896.

WE confess to deep distrust of the amateur on the currency question. In the absence of credentials for writing at all on this, the most difficult portion of economics, we are justified in asking the internal guarantee of exactness and carefulness of statement. So when we find, in the introduction, that monopolies are at the root of the social problem, we become suspicious, and when Mr. Ruskin is called "the greatest modern teacher of economics," and Mr. Macleod is quoted as an authority, we become perhaps over-critical. And such wild statements as that "It is a mere fiction to assume that our monetary system rests upon gold"; that South American States "supply a good illustration of the advantages" of paper money, tempt us to be unjust.

We object *in limine* to the title. The aim of the book is "to exhibit the relation of money to social questions, and to show how deeply signs of wealth affect social problems." But while the money part is ample, and much of its criticism, such as that of the Bank Acts, is sound enough, the relation to social problems is almost taken for granted. The references which Mr. Harper makes to other books show that he knows a good deal about the rather complex relation in question, or perhaps that he has been much impressed by what others have said about it, but he scarcely attempts to put his reader into the same position of advantage.

We object, secondly, to his statement of the problem. The general thesis is that much of the economic *malaise* is due to the monopoly of banking, or rather of note issue. The principle he has got hold of is that, as commodities and their exchanges increase, the money, which is the "sign of wealth," should also increase. Assuming, for argument's sake, that gold is the safest foundation of a currency, the amount of gold in existence is insignificant in proportion to the credit that rests on it, and the foundation is admittedly dangerously insufficient. Why not, then, give up gold, and take as our money something which can be increased according to needs—that is, Government Paper controlled by Parliament? The proposal, of course, is an old one. But we should be more disposed to listen to Mr. Harper if we saw in his pages any

clear perception of where the shoe pinches. We fear his knowledge of business life is of the scantiest. We are told that "one of the most powerful causes of distress is want of media of exchange." We are asked "Why have not legislators put the same money (paper substitutes) within the reach of the working classes?" and we gather that it is a grievance that these classes do not share in the advantages of credit. This may be an argument against the present distribution of wealth; but we fail to see how a more elastic issue of bank-notes would help it. Mr. Harper really seems to think that prosperity would be showered on the country if working men and women could be provided with more money, which is naive—and fatuous. But as one of the burdens of a reviewer is to find logic for the arguments of his author, or else confess that he does not understand him, we may say that the argument against a contracted currency is this: Any limitation of the one commodity in which all other, and these constantly increasing, commodities are named leads necessarily to falling prices, and steadily falling prices are a condition of industry which throws out all the ordinary calculations of the employing classes. In other words, the workers of the community are organized by private employers, whose wage is their profit; if these employers cannot make profits—and no manufacturer can provide for a falling market—they are driven to the wall or go into combinations to keep up prices; in either case there is paralysis and depression, instead of that constant extension of industry which is necessary to employ our constantly increasing numbers. The working man's relation to money is indirect—that is, through the employer. But, instead of showing that it is this fall of prices which leads to disorganization, Mr. Harper contents himself with such soul-stirring platitudes as that "the rich grow richer, while thousands of struggling men and women can scarcely procure bread, for the benefit of these new signs, this new money, are entirely at the disposal of the rich."

Further, there is grave reason to suppose that Mr. Harper has not mastered the fact that at least two distinct functions are united in our money, and that the important one for us is not that of being a "medium of exchange," but a standard for deferred payments. He speaks, for instance, in one place of the exchange of commodities being "really the true function of money," forgetting apparently—that, by the way, his master Ruskin does not forget—that the other function is that of being a "record of debt."

It need scarcely be added that Mr. Harper gives the usual denunciation of economists as careless about their nomenclature, and presents us with a brand new set of definitions of value of his own. The amateur always does.

"Worth While." By F. F. Montrésor. London: Edward Arnold. 1896.

"The Stronger Hand." By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. London: Tower Publishing Co. 1896.

With the two stories by F. F. Montrésor we arrive at quite a fair class of literature, to be judged by a higher standard than the usual level of short stories. Both "Worth While" and "Lady Jane" are made of the right stuff, the dramas in each case have been properly seen, and there is nothing trivial or conscienceless or commonplace in their carrying out. If neither of them is a great piece of literature, it is, at any rate, somewhat after this fashion that great short stories have been written and will be written. The author's last book appeared to us perfectly non-committal; it was blank and ineffective, but showed no impossible faults. We put it into the same category as Amy Levy's "Romance of a Shop," a tale which would not justify a reader in looking for any high excellence, but which, as a matter of fact, was written by the author of the beautiful "Reuben Sachs." "Lady Jane" is certainly better than "The One Who Looked On." The characters concerned are real persons, and they act, as people in fiction should act, in a manner that is at the same time convincing and unobvious. "Worth While" is not so strong as it should be, perhaps because the author started rather too much with an uncircumstanced idea—a supposition we fancy we might have come to without the help of her preface. The idea of a lonely clerk who writes letters to a fictitious mother for his own comfort is, like other ideas, public property. It is probable that a good many other authors have come across such a notion one way or another, and if they have not carried it out it was because they did not see their clerk and the circumstances he would describe quite clearly enough. And we are not sure that F. F. Montrésor has done so. At any rate the bare idea of the clerk, and his letters, and his love affairs peeps out a good deal from the covering, and makes a weaker effect than "Lady Jane," in which we can trace no idea, in this sense, at all. There are one or two obvious places in "Worth While" where the author has broken through the reticence which is absolutely necessary to a delicate picture of this kind. She does no good by prefacing the letters with "He may seem rather a fool to some of you; but, for my part, I cannot but feel a tender respect for him." And she does positive harm when she adds, after a noble letter of the clerk's, "But I do not think it struck the writer that he had done anything at all remarkable"; a fact which appears, or should appear, in the letters themselves, and nowhere else. Such a lapse is all the

more curious because she has admirably refrained from commenting on the one passage in the letters which the majority of writers would make the occasion for a wink, or an explanation, or a truism. The clerk writes of the girl with whom he is falling in love, "Her smallest action has a curiously unusual interest. . . . The girl is, in fact, entirely different from any other person—that is her peculiarity." To have left that paragraph alone is something of a triumph, and it is the best point in the story.

Though Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is not on the same level as F. F. Montresor, he is more safely recommendable. He is exciting reading from beginning to end. His ideas (to carry on our theme) are not worth much; in fact, we can hardly recall any one of them without an effort. But we shall not easily forget the description of the flight from the lynchers, the sermon preached at the baptism of the white negress, the lotus miasma of the Alabama bayou. The less "idea" he has the better he is, for he is not so much a story-teller as a vivid describer of the things that strike a traveller as strange and engrossing.

"A Kentucky Cardinal." By James Lane Allen. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1896.

Mr. James Lane Allen's book breathes the charm of leisured sensibility. It is a savour that belongs to those who garden and for whom the familiar stretch of country side, with all the mighty changes of the seasons therein displayed, is, as it were, an extension of the garden which is their very own, in which they dig and plant, plan and watch. Not that such a one has more time or does less work than one who lives in a town; idleness does not make the days long, nor is it time to spare that gives the sense of leisure. It is, rather, because he is single-hearted. He has one aim, one chief interest; and it cannot be called a preoccupation, for everything he sees and hears and smells is food for it. And so the hour he walks by the edge of the wood seems double as long as the hour the townsman spends in passing through the streets to his destination. For what destination can a lover of the country have? Seldom one that clouds his observation. His thoughts are in the things that lie around him, and so his time is never wasted. It is comprehending observation that makes the longest day, the unbroken sway of outside things. One can well imagine this gardener's leisure making itself felt in a piece of writing that dealt only with humanity. For one thing, there is a quality in your gardener's style that partly accounts for the pleasant sense of leisure he gives you; he patently chooses his words, he lingers over them fondly as over his strawberry beds; if he errs, he is precious or too soft, not common or a hardened slob. Perhaps Mr. Allen's best descriptive pages are of the cleansing winds and rain of March and the repose of a Kentucky August. There is a sense of sky space in his single white cloud "brushing slowly against the zenith like the lost wing of a swan. Far beneath it, the silver-breasted hawk, using the cloud as his lordly parasol." Of the brooding August stillness when the rich work is finishing he says: "All nature a vast sacred goblet, filling drop by drop to the brim and not to be shaken." But not a few can write well of the country, and it is hardly in his sentences of description that the peculiar merit of Mr. Lane Allen's book will be found. Nor is it in his humour, pretty though this often is, nor in the gentleness with which he tells, for example, that on his recovery from fever he heard "how friends went softly around the garden, caring for a flower, putting a prop under a too-heavily laden limb, or climbing on step-ladders to tie sacks around the finest bunches of grapes, with the hope that I might be well in time to eat them." Mr. Allen has something to offer us that is rarer than any such prettiness of feeling. We do not know how to describe the charm of the love story that is the heart of his book. The love passages in the common run of novels would be so much more convincing if the authors took the preliminary trouble of fixing up their scenery first. After all, the house or the lane where lovers meet existed before they loved. The limitations of the previously fixed scene govern the course of the love-making. It is also to be supposed that each of the parties has occupations or ties that also pre-exist (we talk of nothing so unattainable as character) and further differentiate their love from others. When authors bring their man and woman together by no particular circumstance and in a vague place, no wonder they "draw a veil," or say that the conversation is of the well-known kind that can interest no third person. Sublimated love-making is always the same, no doubt; but, as it has never been experienced or seen, and as confessedly no one wants to read about it, it seems so unnecessary for novelists to pose the difficulty, and then hide their wise heads in a bag. They all must know at least one house or one garden. If they would make this their fixed scene, and determine that their love passages should play there, they would have something to go by. It is half the battle. What would the love in "Romeo and Juliet" be without the window and the dawn and the lark? Mr. Allen makes no mistake in this direction. He has his strawberry-bed and his garden paling alongside the next-door house, and the window with its curtains where she is to appear. She does a good deal of sewing, he gardens and is fond of birds. Here the author has a sort of outline at least of how his characters must behave. So

far most other authors could go, if they cultivated a conscience and thought out one novel instead of publishing twenty, though few could fill in and colour the outline so aptly and so tenderly as Mr. Allen. For he can present a varied girl's figure, whimsical and honourable, sensitive to the tenderness of treasured meanings where others would hardly notice a mere accident, beautiful through and through. And he can write incidents, touching and humorous in their actuality as they pass by, and yet relevant—the conversations from strawberry-bed and window are enchanting. The gardener's reticence and gentleness also mean a reserve fund of emotion which is wanting to the more lax and sensational writer when the time comes for his central tragedy. The tragedy round which Mr. Allen's love story ranges itself is only the trapping and caging of a redbird, and yet it is so pathetic that some determination is needed before it can be read a second time. He does not strain to exaggerate a mole-hill into a mountain, he makes no common appeal to the feelings; on the contrary, he understates, he leaves out all the obviously heartrending parts. But by the time we reach p. 116 we know so thoroughly the Quixotic humaneness of the man who traps his favourite bird and the sensitiveness of the girl for whom he outrages his conscience, that we feel the incident through them and not for ourselves, and this, we take it, is the greatest virtue an artist can put into an incident. We would not exaggerate Mr. Allen's power. "A Kentucky Cardinal" is not by any means great work; it is too fancifully elusive to be lastingly impressive; after the lapse of a week a reader would probably have no very clear recollection of any part of it. And Mr. Allen makes two mistakes, mistakes even from his point of view. The artist is swallowed up in the American when he converses of the state of affairs in Kentucky before the war, the lecture is too long for the amount it effects in the story. And, secondly, he is not always successful when he philosophizes; it would almost need the curious graving tool of Sir Thomas Browne to state impressively some of the things he wishes to say.

"Behind the Magic Mirror." By Olive Birrell. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1896.

The author of "Behind the Magic Mirror" makes a new and commendable departure in the treatment of Spiritualism. Magic as a motive power in the action of a story, as a *deus ex machina*, or, at any rate, as a part of the machinery, is likely to prove very tiresome; but people do exist who believe more or less in Spiritualism, they are an interesting study, and it is to such people, rather than their Spiritualism, that she introduces us. Her central figure is a girl who has always been cut off from the rest of her family and her fellows. In her childhood she displays certain unusual powers of thought-reading, or semi-conscious reminiscence, or whatever it may be, and the best part of the book traces the inevitable growth of the element of insincerity as her powers become known and she is encouraged to cultivate them and display them. The tangle of troubling confusion brings her to the verge of madness, or, at any rate, to the suspicion of it. "Behind the Magic Mirror" is an exciting book, and it does not drag, except, perhaps, at the very end, where the hero is uninteresting and the heroine fades away.

"The Power of the Dog." By Rowland Grey. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896.

Surely there was a time, not so long ago, when the run of poor novels could, at any rate, be read with personal pleasure by sentimental and imaginative young people? One of Miss Bellwood's deepest and truest impersonations used to be the slatternly woman of forty to fifty who neglected her duties and overlooked the realities of her life that she might ecstatically float with the rapturous stream of the novelette. What were husband and household and other dreary littlenesses of existence to her? She was in love with Aubrey Plantagenet—"only imagine it!" We do not think she had a name; she was too universal a conception to be thus limited. But what would she make of "The Power of the Dog" and fifty other novels of the newer sort? They would attract her about as much as "Les Paysans" or "Cousin Pons." By virtue of a certain negative quality, "The Power of the Dog" comes into the same category as "Cousin Pons"; in neither case could the readers dream themselves into the position of the hero and heroine and find the situations very agreeable. The philosopher to whom this personal fashion of reading was the great æsthetic crime, and a knock-kneed attempt at the great ethical crime, could divide fiction into good and bad, according as it was "ob" or "sub," to use Mr. Ruskin's contemptuous abbreviations. But he lived at the beginning of the century when it is to be supposed that bad "ob" novels had not yet appeared in such numbers. It is still true that by far the larger portion of the public read fiction personally, so much the larger portion, indeed, that if heads were numbered the rest would hardly count, and what are all these poor people to do now that authors are taking to masquerade in the disguise of artists? Will there soon be no more dear Aubrey Plantagenets? Surely the authors are making a mistake in refusing to tickle the fancy of the many. Or do they imagine that they deceive the few? The inexpressible air of complacency that runs

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through "The Power of the Dog" would seem to answer this question in the affirmative. Rowland Grey certainly fancies herself a serious artist because she marches along, in all solemnity, with her tall, dark, beautiful, bored, heartless woman and the subject-painter who tries to paint her as "Sister Helen," and really cares for art all the time, and despises his adoring wife, who cannot understand him, and so on. Gracious heavens! this is the kind of theme that should be strictly reserved to real artists—and to the beginners, who must be allowed to plunge far out of their depths at the first go. But this is Rowland Grey's sixth or seventh published volume at least, and there is really no occasion for self-complacency. A kind friend might well advise her to keep severely to the level of her sub-theme in "The Power of the Dog," the love of a stalwart country doctor for the stepmothered daughter of the parson. The majority are always crying for bread, and they will not put up with stones much longer.

"The Harding Scandal." By Frank Barrett. London: Chatto & Windus. 1896.

The author of "The Harding Scandal" makes his hero, who reads manuscript novels for a publisher, remark, "You've only to thrust a paper-knife in the middle and sniff it, to know whether the stuff is good or bad." Mr. Frank Barrett has, presumably, enough reputation to set him above the fear of any professional reader's nose; but a sniff or two in the middle of "The Harding Scandal" would not afford a critic any very rapturous and alluring sensation. He would merely receive an impression that Mr. Barrett has no natural gift for writing sentences that attract and impress, and that he has taken no great pains to remedy the defect. Having read through the two volumes, however, the critic concludes that "The Harding Scandal" is interesting because it is a falling between two stools. As a story of false charges and diamond stealing it does not work out in a manner to please the particular tastes of a mystery and scandal lover; things are not properly explained and rounded off, and there are long passages when nothing exciting happens, and people are only thinking. These dull passages are the signs of an attempt to write something better than a mere detective story, something human; but as Mr. Barrett's humanity and psychology are still in rather an elementary stage, the sum total is not a remarkable success.

"Moff." By J. Tweeddale. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

It is a relief to hear from Mr. Andrew Lang that Scotch authors write for English readers, not for the delectation of their own countrymen. This authoritative statement puts a Southerner at his ease. He might else be troubled by the fancy that the humour in "Moff" was some subtle essence beyond his coarse perceptions, and that it showed great stupidity if he failed to be interested in the inhabitants of Cuddy-hillocks, Johnnie Dod, grocer, Ritchie Stott, butcher, and Willie Cuddy, cobbler, or in the exact reason why Willie Gair of the Latche harkened in to Sandy Cowe of the Knowe, or in the number of draps of Cleekim Special some one had in his e'e.

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